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Sea Power, by Alec Wilson, on page 636

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Humanists and Inhumanists

IN a recent number of *Books*, sometimes with more good nature, sometimes with less, Rebecca West has been satiric at the expense of the new popularity of law, order, and tradition in criticism. Messrs. More and Babbitt are retailers of formulas often repeated, M. Benda talks nonsense, even T. S. Eliot's turn toward Catholicism is an amateur's imitation of the far subtler way of the Roman church. There is, she thinks, more than a suspicion of disorder in the minds and lives of men who so shrilly demand order in a world of flux.

Miss West is too clever. As more than once before she is too ready to take modern psychology where it suits her purpose, and use it as she pleases. A passionate desire for principle in the present anarchy of judgment no more implies a mind disordered beyond its fellows than a passion for cleanliness denotes a dirty housekeeper. The theory of suppression can be carried too far.

Whatever the new-old school that calls itself, somewhat vaguely, humanist, may be guilty of, it is certainly not disorderly, either in thought or in life. The desire to reassert eternal principles governing conduct, esthetics, or the intellect is an impulse as natural and instinctive as the wish to break up old formulas in order to make new ones more consonant with apparent changes in the relations of man to his universe. Throwing bricks at Plato is as unprofitable as clamping Aristotelian categories upon industrial democracy. It is easy to make fun of the graybeards and the hermits, and easy to accuse even tolerant searchers for the *differentia* of the new time, of lack of principle and of stability, but neither course is very helpful. It is Milton and Salmasius, at it again.

A much needed reaction against the unbridled experiment and the pragmatic irresponsibility of the last ten years has been overdue, but the judicious may protest against signs of dogmatism and pedantry in its coming, without, like Miss West, tossing charges of insincerity into a controversy that already begins to show more prejudice than scholarship and a keener desire to score upon the opponent than to help the bystander in his muddled thinking.

* * *

The underlying assumption of much modern literature has been that the world is incoherent, and the books resulting have been morally and intellectually incoherent in an almost mystical accord. Granted that this needed correction—that, philosophically considered, it was not the outcome of any well-reasoned belief, but due to a misconception of the findings of science resulting in a bastard theory of a mechanistic world based on supposed facts which, even while the artist, the philosopher, and the poet were constructing from them a doctrine of intellectual nihilism, were in the researches of the scientists themselves becoming ideals, symbols of merely tentative truth. Even so, to wipe out the nineteenth century and to fall back uncompromisingly upon the great systems of Plato, of Aquinas, or of Descartes (according to the inclination of the reformer)—which is the program of some of the new humanists—to be done forever with the expansiveness of Rousseau, and cure perplexity by dogmatic simplification, must itself be regarded as but another reaction into the overemphasis of anarchy's opposite.

We are suffering from our disrespect for the past and our blind confidence in a supposed control of nature, which turns out to be only a better adjustment to some of the conditions provided by nature with a complete disregard of spiritual and emotional relationships certainly as important. But before we reject in a Hebraic intolerance and with a superb and supercilious gesture, the changed circumstances of the age of applied science as irrelevant to morals and the soul, it will be wise to note that there are at least three new things in our philosophy not to be lightly dreamt away. The industrial revolution is no less a permanent factor in our living and hence in our thinking than was the change from pastoral to trading and maufacturing in Greece of the philosophers. The scientific demonstration that matter is not a comprehensible reality is as different

(*Continued on next page*)

Interior

By CLARA SHANAFELT

I LOVE winter evenings steaming white with fog,
And the boat horns baying and gasping from the river,
Reiterating desperately their deep-throated largo
Of beseechings and urgent warnings and lamentations
Till the room we sit in so carelessly seems the cabin of a ship
Borne dangerously down time's dark treacherous waste,
Perhaps lost
With all its lights, its yellow tulips, its white chimney-piece,
Its various cargo of books, prints, vain mirrors, frivolous colors;

And our two minds with their fantastic perishable freight
Of hopes, ambitions, longings, their prides, their hates—
All their curious attachments and inventions;
And of love, beautiful and dangerous,
More frail and more at the mercy of time's clumsy indifferent hand
Than yellow tulips of blue Venetian glass.

This Week

"Collected Poems of Edwin Arlington Robinson."
Reviewed by FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

"Thomas Jefferson."
Reviewed by ALBERT JAY NOCK.

"Histoire de la Peinture Française au XVIIIe Siècle."
Reviewed by A. KINGSLEY PORTER.

"Dancing Catalans."
Reviewed by ELEANOR MERCEIN KELLY.

"Coronet."
Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.

In Memoriam Louis Braille.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

George Edward Woodberry.
By LOUIS LEDOUX.

Next Week, or Later

Education in Bondage.
By ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES.

E. A. Robinson: Poet*

By FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

TO bring to book the great, the almost legendary distinction of Edwin Arlington Robinson is no easy task. Everywhere one meets anomalies which strain the customary useful critical categories. Mr. Robinson can sing superbly, but by and large he is not a singing poet. This cuts him off from that generation of melodious if generally feeble songsters with which he grew up. And while Mr. Robinson can make, when he wishes, a most vivid picture, ordinarily he is not a picture-making poet. This sets him apart from that school of imagists which has held the field during his maturity. He is one of the greatest stylists of our age, but you cannot represent him, after Matthew Arnold's fashion, by touchstone lines. Nobody who has written so much great poetry has economized the great line so severely. Nobody since Browning has been so wide an explorer of human nature, but Browning in his infinity of traditional or invented metres, was always changing ship. Mr. Robinson voyages contentedly in the modest barque of a very personal blank verse or in the accompanying pinnace of the sonnet. Again he has probed the splendid and the sinister depth of consciousness to their bottom, but has stopped where the interest of the modernist poet begins. The turbid iridescence of the stream of consciousness running wild does not allure him. He deals with the world as will, as heroic fulfilment, or heroic frustration. He has held, on the technical side, to traditional plastic forms at a moment when his not much younger colleagues were seeking new forms as deliquescent as the stream of consciousness itself.

* * *

This professional apartness is of the personal essence. Mr. Robinson is perhaps the only man of letters of our time who has managed to be just a poet. I have thought sometimes of preparing an examination question: Name a contemporary poet who has never edited anything but the letters of a dear friend, who has never taught or lectured or read his own poetry for pay, who has never reviewed books or written magaizne articles, or given interviews, who has never been a publisher's reader or a committee man of any literary organization. Most undergraduates would probably write humorously "There ain't no such animal," for even the notion of a poet who is just a poet has assumed an historical remoteness. There is, I am sure, no impropriety in noting that in Mr. Robinson's case such single-hearted devotion to his high calling might have been impracticable save for the hospitality and tranquillity afforded by the MacDowell Foundation at its delightful colony amid the New Hampshire hills. In this day when the new corporate patronage of the arts and sciences is still very much in the stage of trial and error, it is a pleasure to recall one of its distinguished successes. That process of elimination which says what a poet is not has its evident simplifying value and its obvious bounds. Ultimately the critic tells what the poet positively is. Here the real difficulties begin. I face them the more hopefully in Mr. Robinson's case that I owe him much, and shall, however imperfectly, be paying a debt in any formulation of my appreciation of his art.

Primarily Mr. Robinson seems to me the prophet of human splendor in occultation. Our surroundings are ever seeking to minimize us, but we prevail,

* COLLECTED POEMS OF EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1929. $5.

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against misunderstanding and frustration. No man is as common as he seems. Look deeper and you will find amid overt failure and public ridicule, the tremendous fellow. This, I think, is Mr. Robinson's *ethos* and denotes his singularity. It is the Victorian *Quandmêmisme* (we need the word)—the assertion of a "some how good" against the blackness of appearances. But Mr. Robinson carries the mood with a distinct difference. The Victorians used the formula at the spectacular heights of spiritual travail, studiously keeping an air of good society. Mr. Robinson is concrete, following the muffled light wherever it gleams. It leads one to Lancelot and Tristram, but as readily to Fernando Nash beating his evangelical drum on a street corner, or to Miniver Cheevy absurdly, but not ignobly aspiring to be a Medici. Certain frustration, perilous but possible compensation, attainment at best of "sad thrones" ever within hearing of

The crash of battles that are never won

such is Mr. Robinson's world. It is in maintaining along with this tragic sense of life a wistful and expectant hopefulness that his greatness lies.

The limits of this study forbid more than a hint at the richness and variety with which Mr. Robinson has elaborated this theme. In its simplest aspect —that of the great boon companion—the series of poems beginning with

We go no more to Calverlys

is the classic instance. Incidentally here is some of Mr. Robinson's best lyrical writing. In this connection the names are significant. These Lingards, Carvilles, Klingenhagens, Flammondes, are oddly evocative and persuasive of the thesis. They have a value of gallantry and of truthful illusion. It would be hard to believe in the occulted distinction of so many Smiths, Browns, and Joneses. It is, by the way, about the only scenic or overtly rhetorical device that Mr. Robinson, always addicted to a manly simplicity and plainness of speech, ever employs.

It was "Captain Craig," in 1902, that first brought to me the sharp impact of Mr. Robinson's thought. Among various duties I compiled a "scissors column" for the New York *Evening Post*. All the books of verse trickled across my desk—commendable cold sonnets mostly, with some residual flow of ballades and triolets from the none too spacious days of Austin Dobson and Andrew Lang. Came one day an astounding thing—a book of verses that bit and drew blood. An amazing theme gorgeously carried off—a wise old master's emitting high wisdom volcanically to a group of young men who listened about his bed with mingled ridicule and respect. An utterly impossible thing now that Browning had gone. The scissors worked joyously and something like the above went into the column by way of comment. Rereading Captain Craig after twenty-seven years I get the old thrill. In an invention usually laconic and grim this poem is the most genial episode, and it contains much that is sententious and quotable.

What you take
To be the cursedest mean thing that crawls
The Earth is nearer to you than you know;
You may not ever crush him but you lose,
You may not ever shield him but you gain—
As he, with all his crookedness, gains with you.

You cannot hide yourselves
In any multitude or solitude,
Or mask yourselves in any studied guise
Of hardness or of old humility
But soon by some discriminating man—
Some humorist at large, like Socrates—
You get yourself found out.

"Lancelot" and "Tristram" are Mr. Robinson's most ambitious poems, and, I think not quite his best. Conceptually they seem to me entirely achieved. Indeed the common theme, renunciation as the ennobling consummation of passion, has rarely been more finely realized. And, although everything is broadly generalized, medieval decoration being singularly lacking, the cases in both poems remain concrete—the problem of a given man and women. Moreover what plot there is is conducted with such finesses and subtleties of incident and psychology as we expect rather of the novel than from the narrative poem. Where these poems seem to me to fall short is in metrical orchestration. Mr. Robinson's sparse and athletic blank verse is admirably adapted to character study on the shorter scale. This hard and shining measure is so much his personal invention, that I hesitate to question its general validity. How cavil at a style that gives us that tremendous last line of "John Brown"

I shall have more to say when I am dead.

Can more be done with ten Anglo-Saxon monosyllables? I always read "Lancelot" and "Tristram" with a new sympathy, but I have the feeling I used to have when in Old Paris days I heard Jacques Thibaut's tiny orchestra play a symphony of Beethoven. It was an exquisite experience, but it lacked something of richness.

Any judgment of Mr. Robinson as a poet is so closely tied up with his metrical preferences that we must dwell on a matter which is only in appearance technical. In modern times there has never been so copious and inventive a poet who has seemingly been so incurious as to meter. Practically everything is in what we loosely call the pentameter line, blank verse or sonnets, with a few simple lyrical forms by way of exception. The line itself is powerful and highly modulated, but such modulations are on a short scale. There is never anything like that conscious opulence which is of the essence of the Keats-Tennyson tradition. The style is instrumental, affording few purple patches. Mr. Robinson is at his best when the verse just escapes passing over into a noble and sententious prose. He is below himself when it does so dwindle, as, for example, in the dialogue "Hamilton and Burr" and in the satire "Dionysius in Doubt." But in general he treads the perilous brink on which he choses stylistically to live with a manly confidence and grace.

This quality of his style denies to the critic the usual procedure of representing his poet by sample. Mr. Robinson's poems are integral and, in general must be quoted entire or let alone. Concerning him one never has the idea which betimes irreverently intrudes in one's enthusiasm for much poetry in the melodious tradition, that a just sufficiently fine thought has secondarily come to the rescue of a gorgeous phrase, the music being as it were detachable. With Mr. Robinson the most valiant dissector of style will try in vain to pry thought and expression apart. He is poor pickings for the maker of books on rhetoric. For the amateur of pure metrics, however, his verse with its extraordinary economies and infinitesimal refinements, should be a treasure house. We must after all seek a sample. It is from "Tristram."

Wisdom is not one word and then another,
Till words are like dry leaves under a tree;
Wisdom is like a dawn that comes up slowly
Out of an unknown ocean.

Here we have the constant, fascinating paradox of Mr. Robinson—the conveying of subtle ideas and spacious images through simplest words and measures apparently as simple.

I have been describing Mr. Robinson's distinction, and not charting his limitations. I have no doubt he could be as precious and opulent, as, say, Stephen Phillips, if he wished to be. His fine sonnet to George Crabble tells much about his own ideals. They are ideals which handicap him in the longer poems, as similar ideals did Wordsworth. For me the best of the long legendary poems is "Merlin," the sage being a kind of Arthurian Captain Craig caught early while still in process of trial and error. And if it is better than the more densely compacted "Lancelot" and "Tristram," is is because it is more comfortably episodical and invested with a more traditional melodiousness.

Mr. Robinson, as I said at the beginning, is only by exception a singing poet. To be sure he has written more fine sonnets than any living American poet, but they are not singing sonnets, being in the meditative and sententious tradition which we associate with Wordsworth. He has, however, made a handful of exquisite lyrics. We may represent them by that consummately tender, wistful, and eminently singing elegy:

LEONORA

They have made for Leonora this low dwelling in the ground,
And with cedar they have woven the four walls round.
Like a little dryad hiding she'll be wrapped all in green,
Better kept and longer valued than by ways that would have been.

They will come with many roses in the early afternoon,
They will come with pinks and lilies and with Leonora soon;
And as long as beauty's garments over beauty's limbs are thrown,
There'll be lilies that are liars, and the rose will have its own.

There will be a wondrous quiet in the house that they have made,
And tonight will be a darkness in the place where she'll be laid;
But the builders, looking forward into time, could only see
Darker night for Leonora than tonight shall ever be.

Such a little masterpiece rich in the subtlest overtures of rhythm and feeling, makes one wish that Mr. Robinson had oftener consented to sing, but the wish is probably fallacious.

In a constant growth Mr. Robinson has reaped the reward of his single-minded devotion to his art. At sixty past he shows nothing of that declension which the purely lyrical poets commonly reveal by early middle life. He has written nothing finer or more authentically his own than "Cavender's House" which bears the date of last year. I despair of transferring to prose even a hint of its strange beauty, and as usual the expedient of sampling is impossible. So just a transcript of the theme.

Married to a beautiful wife, Laramie, whom he treats as a pet or a doll, in a sudden access of jealousy Cavender pushes her over a cliff. The event passes for a suicide. Years later, at night, Cavender steals into his long-deserted house and waits. He will fight the old case out. His whirling mind evokes the wraith of Laramie visibly before him. Ensues the most thirlling and unprecedented dialogue. He pleads for her so far as tardily he sees her side, and he eagerly defends himself. Thus he unfolds penitentially all the circumstance of a misunderstanding which is mostly his fault. He pleads with Laramie to know if his suspicious of her are just. She cannot tell; being a wraith of his own projected consciousness, she knows only what he knows. His plea rises to a tragic violence, and she vanishes. He has made what moral expiation is possible, and he awaits the penalty of law in a kind of peace.

The piece is a drama of conscience, a modern morality play of the most penetrating vividness whether in interpretation or in expression. It catches one at the throat and at the heart, the infinite pity of it all, the inevitableness, the odd, inverted nobility of it all with a final sense of purgation. I do not know where in the whole field of letters we shall find a parallel. It is the earnest of powers of imagination growing actively and splendidly unfolding.

Humanists and Inhumanists

(*Continued from preceding page*)

in its nature and its implications from Berkeleyan hypothesis or Thomistic speculation as the Greek view of the universe from the Egyptian. And the continuing probability that we shall be able to provide for the inevitably common man in masses an existence where all the benefits and privileges of civilization are at least possible, including the possibility of its destruction by mass action, is a factor the importance of which only gentlemen in towers of synthetic ivory can fail to understand.

We have had the materialist majority heavy upon our chests, but do not look with favor upon any attempt at rescue by a new Calvinism, Greek though it may claim to be in origin. The leaders of thought in the Western world can seemingly never recapture, with the Greek's sense of a reasoned world, his principles of moderation, the open mind, and the golden mean.

Are we to be overwhelmed by the phenomena of living, letting our judgment drift with the stream of seemingly incoherent incident?—that is the modern plight and its question. Or shall we reassert the mind's control by denying such parts of life, and knowledge, as will not square with theory. That is the fallacy of some of the proponents of order whom Miss West attacks. But it would seem that life and its accumulated knowledge must all be accepted as data before moral and philosophic choices can be made; and for this task we have as yet no one supremely competent, nor will have until the speed of experiment slackens, and the air grows clearer. It is not too soon to seek again for principles of order—it is eternally too soon to establish them by deduction from a past which no history can show to be ever recurrent.

The New York Public Library has just received as a gift from Mr. Edward S. Harkness one of the most important collections of manuscripts on the history of printing in the Western Hemisphere which has ever come to light. The collection consists of two distinct parts, one having to do with printing in North America and the other, South America. The latter group contains the earliest known documents and letters relative to the introduction of printing into South America, giving hitherto unknown information regarding the establishment of the first printing press in Lima in 1584.

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Mr. Thomas Jefferson

THOMAS JEFFERSON. The Apostle of Americanism. By GILBERT CHINARD. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1929. $5 net.

Reviewed by ALBERT JAY NOCK

THE professor of French literature at Johns Hopkins has had a long-standing interest in Mr. Jefferson. Before publishing this last volume he resurrected and published Mr. Jefferson's commonplace books, and also a couple of essays, "Jefferson et les Idéalogues" and "Les Amitiés Françaises de Jefferson." The present book is the outcome of research into the origins of Mr. Jefferson's political philosophy, primarily to determine how far French thought might be held directly responsible for it. Mr. Jefferson was American Minister at Paris for five years, he saw the revolution of 1789, he knew the most eminent French philosophers, economists, men of science, politicians, revolutionists of all shades and stripes. How far did they affect his thought and doctrine? Was he a Jacobin? Was he an "infidel," after the style of certain French philosophers? Was he a doctrinaire in politics, a theorist, a pupil of the Physiocrats? What was his attitude toward the revolutionary spirits of 1789, and how did their achievements impress him?

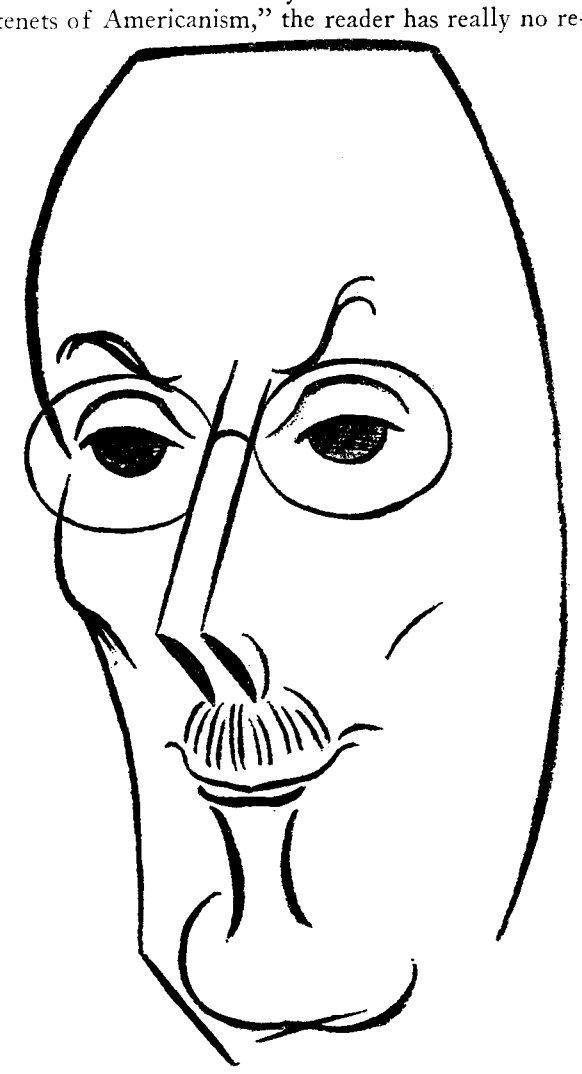
Such, roughly, are some of the matters which Professor Chinard undertook to run down. His search took him through the great masses of unpublished, unedited, undiscovered, unknown documents that lie chiefly in Washington and Boston, and he soon found that his enterprise was larger than he thought. His view of the period expanded from day to day, his view of Mr. Jefferson became clearer and more definite as one unsuspected detail after another turned up—not an uncommon experience for those who set out on such adventures—until in its final form his book has taken on the proportions and to some extent the character of a biography.

It demonstrates satisfactorily that Mr. Jefferson's political philosophy owed almost nothing to anybody in the way of direct borrowing, whether from a French school or any other. It was independently constructed to suit the successive practical exigencies of a new political experiment. This demonstration is worth a great deal; it admirably fills out the picture of the statesman and politician. If demonstrated truth ever counted for anything against self-interest and demagoguery we might now hope to have heard the last of a good many slanders such as those, for example, as the late Theodore Roosevelt used to propagate. As far as indirect or unconscious borrowings go, Professor Chinard is not as a rule over-grasping in his claims or over-strict in his assertions. No one could pretend to assess accurately the influence of what Glanvil so well calls the mere "climate of opinion" prevailing around an individual at one time or another. The traces of this are usually not discernible in documents, as Professor Chinard seems for the most part—not quite always, perhaps—to be aware. Hence no one can say roundly how much Mr. Jefferson's political philosophy owes to what came to him through the pores of his skin during his residence in France, or at any other time. I speak of this only because it is a great merit in Mr. Chinard's book that it usually makes a reasonable place for this consideration.

Mr. Chinard appears to believe that there is a distinguishing political or politico-social doctrine which may be called Americanism, and that it was largely formulated by Mr. Jefferson. This is at first sight a very fine compliment to both Mr. Jefferson and ourselves, but it must be regarded with a certain circumspection before being accepted. For instance, Professor Chinard quotes a letter to Elbridge Gerry which he calls "the first complete definition of Americanism." In the sense in which he uses the term, he is correct, for, as he goes on to say, "it was distinctly American. I fail to perceive in it the influence of any foreign thinker. . . ." Quite so. But the implications of the term Americanism ordinarily reach much further than this, and it is important as a matter of justice to Mr. Chinard, that his readers should be warned that he is using the term Americanism in what amounts to a special sense. No such doctrine was ever actually in force in this country, or ever contemplated or ever even seriously entertained by more than an inconsiderable number of minds. A very few words from the letter to Gerry will satisfy the reader on this point:

> I am for preserving to the States the powers not yielded by them to the Union, . . . I am not for transferring all the powers of the States to the General Government, and all those of the Government to the Executive branch. I am for a government rigorously frugal and simple, . . . not for a standing army in time of peace, which may overawe the public sentiment; nor for a navy, which by its own expenses and the eternal wars in which it will implicate us, will grind us with public burthens, and sink us under them. I am for free commerce with all nations; political connections with none; and little or no diplomatic establishment. I am for freedom of religion, and against all manœuvers to bring about a legal ascendency of one sect over another; for freedom of the press, and against all violations of the Constitution to silence by force and not by reason the complaints of criticism, just or unjust, of our citizens against the conduct of their agents.

The last clause alone should be sufficient to show any reader that when Mr. Chinard speaks of all this as "the first complete definition of Americanism," he is using the term in a purely academic mode. When in another place he speaks of Mr. Jefferson's effort "to propagate that gospel of practical idealism which remains to this day one of the fundamental tenets of Americanism," the reader has really no re-



EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON
A cartoon by Eva Herrmann from "On Parade" (Coward-McCann).

course but to interrupt Mr. Chinard long enough to come to an understanding about the meaning that he attaches to the term. When, however, he makes it part of Mr. Jefferson's creed of Americanism that "the American people was a chosen people, that they have been gifted with superior wisdom and strength," he is quite in the current popular mode of Americanism, and can be accepted accordingly. The truth of the matter is that Americanism is a ticklish word to use under any circumstances, and especially in connection with Mr. Jefferson. The great libertarian's political philosophy is sufficiently original and striking to be called Jeffersonism upon occasion—then there can be no mistake or confusion in the reader's mind—but to identify it in any large general way with Americanism needs too much explanation at every step.

Professor Chinard needs some protection from his friends concerning a couple of matters connected with his book. First, it seems wrong to say, as Mr. Randolph G. Adams does, that Mr. Chinard has demonstrated Mr. Jefferson to be "the only original political thinker we have produced." I do not find Mr. Chinard himself making any such pretension, nor his book justifying it, and from even so slight an acquaintance with the literature of the period as I possess I should say the pretension as advanced by Mr. Adams was very dubious. Second, it seems wrong to describe Mr. Chinard's works as a biography. It is not. It is a superb and thorough special study of Mr. Jefferson's political philosophy and public career. I do not find that it pretends to be anything else. What it shows of Mr. Jefferson in other relations is incidental and inconsiderable; one gets nothing like an all-around view of him, even in outline. Like a true man of letters, Mr. Chinard is a little cavalier toward the economic interpretation of Jeffersonism; he is not to be blamed for his polite aloofness from the words of Mr. Beard, for example. But it is a commonplace nowadays that Prohibition has degraded all our tastes, so a reviewer may be permitted to suggest that perhaps a blend of Mr. Chinard's work and Mr. Beard's might furnish a more practicable combination of body and bouquet than either if taken straight.

My admiration for Mr. Chinard's book is so great that I should like to bring forward all its points of merit, but I must limit myself to three. I was delighted with its *obiter dictum* concerning the curious indisposition of historians and essayists to do anything like justice to a very remarkable man and a very great man, John Adams. Perhaps Mr. Chinard's observations will cause some competent person to re-examine and re-assess him. I sincerely hope so. Then, too, I feel a sense of deep personal obligation to Mr. Chinard for his emphatic statement of the need for a complete and definitive edition of Mr. Jefferson's writings. It is simply shocking and disgraceful that so large a proportion of the most important work from the pen of the greatest man our country ever produced should remain practically inaccessible. Mr. Chinard observes that not even the Jefferson-Adams correspondence has ever been published in its entirety. It is a fact, and a fact that in my judgment, if I may speak plainly, brings the literary and social character of the country into contempt. Would it be strange if with this fact alone in mind, one should recommend a little particularity about the use of the term Americanism?

Finally, I wish Mr. Chinard's admirable exposition of Mr. Jefferson's proposals for an educational system could be studied and taken to heart. Our system rests on an utterly false and preposterous conception of democracy, implying that everybody is educable. Mr. Jefferson knew better, and the system he proposed has never been surpassed. Mr. Chinard thinks that some features of the French system may possibly have been taken over from it. In America it was at once displaced by a system which has gone steadily and inevitably from bad to worse, until now, through pretending to educate everybody, it notoriously educates nobody.

Professor Chinard's work ought to become a companion and guide for all those who love and honor the doctrine which should have been Americanism, but never was, and who equally love and reverence the memory of the great man who formulated it. *Vox clamantis in deserto!*—in the wilderness of revolting greeds and degrading ambitions and flagitious enterprises—but a voice that somehow still makes itself heard by the few who have ears to hear; and one of these few is named Gilbert Chinard.

Miss Anthony's Elizabeth

QUEEN ELIZABETH. By KATHERINE ANTHONY. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1929. $4.

Reviewed by DAVID H. WILLSON
University of Minnesota

IN recent years numbers of literary folk, who would normally be writing novels or essays or short stories, have turned to historical biography. Clever and well written, these biographies present history in a personal and attractive form, carrying the reader along pleasantly from page to page as if he were reading fiction. Psychology, scandal, and good stories all add their enchantments. These books are entertaining even though they are not the best history. And in a way it is a great shame for the trained historian to come along and spoil the fun. He knows little of real life either in the present or the past. Seeking historical truth in faded manuscripts and gloomy archives, he is of the dust dusty. What has he in common with the Macaulays?

Katherine Anthony's "Elizabeth," which deals with the entire life of the great Queen, is a literary biography of the type just described. It is an entertaining book written in an engaging style. Elizabeth is a dramatic character and Miss Anthony's book has decided dramatic quality. Elizabeth is pictured cringing as her sister Mary throws her in the Tower; standing forth in armor before her troops at Tilbury; undergoing the agonies of indecision over the fate of Mary Stuart and of remorse over the death of Essex. And in dramatic fashion she thinks of the past as she sits at the bedside of the dying Burghley.

It cannot be admitted, however, that Miss An-

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thony has written an accurate book. The facts concerning the early affair of Elizabeth and Sir Thomas Seymour are somewhat muddled, and it is difficult to believe that "the simulated love-affair" between Elizabeth and Sir Robert Cecil after the death of Essex in 1601 became "almost a sincere one." Again Miss Anthony states that Elizabeth opposed the Puritans because "she foresaw the ultimate outcome of the movement in the American Revolution." Could not the author be satisfied with allowing Elizabeth to foresee the Civil Wars in England instead of forcing her to strain her vision towards another continent and into the last quarter of the eighteenth century? And it might also be pointed out that though the Puritans settled America they did not revolt from England because of their religion. It is most misleading to say as Miss Anthony does that the plot of marrying Norfolk to Mary Stuart was planned by the Queen's own Councillors. And when Elizabeth had trouble with Parliament in 1601 it was not because she was growing old and had lost her cunning, as Miss Anthony would have us believe, but because Parliament was growing more independent and restive.

Miss Anthony frequently sacrifices historical accuracy to the penning of a *bon mot*. And she is led into even graver errors because she seeks a personal motive for all the actions of her characters. Henry VIII was "wholly under the influence of the person closest to him." Mary Tudor in the last years of her reign went "stark, staring mad." Elizabeth rejected her foreign suitors one by one because they did not appeal to her physically, and the estrangement of Mary Stuart from Lord Darnley is attributed to the same cause. When Elizabeth was attempting to extricate herself from the diplomatic complications into which the proposed Alençon match had led her, she demanded that the French restore Calais; "as if," says Miss Anthony, "there was anything in the world which, as a monarch, she really wanted less." Miss Anthony has forgotten all that Calais meant to the English mind. The relations of Elizabeth and Mary Stuart are all put upon a basis of feminine jealousy. Norfolk was beheaded not because he had plotted against the throne of Elizabeth but because he had paid Mary Stuart the compliment of asking her to marry him. And in the same way Elizabeth all through the dread period of the Spanish Armada maintained a secret liking for King Philip since "he had once seriously asked her hand in marriage, and for this she was incorrigibly grateful." Elizabeth established a Protestant Church because she liked to have the service read in English and Henry VIII pursued his purpose of divorcing Catherine because he was fond of an argument. For Miss Anthony, political considerations simply do not exist. All motives are purely personal, and love, hate, sex, and psychology are the forces which move the world.

Elizabeth would not be complimented by the picture which Miss Anthony draws of her. She appears as a very frivolous person entirely occupied by the festivities of the court and the flattery of admirers. After she became Queen, says Miss Anthony, "she threw off care and melancholy." When she learned of the defeat of the Spanish Armada "she was exhilarated." She really had no foreign policy, her attitude towards European countries being "utterly provincial." She was, in fact, a very simple-minded creature. "While historians have made her out as a superwoman of intrigue, using her *affaires de coeur* as a cover for diplomacy, she was in many ways as simple as an *ingénue*." On this point, the reviewer sides with the historians. On the next to the last page of her book Miss Anthony admits that Elizabeth was a great administrator. And on the final page she says that Elizabeth had "one faithful element—her sense of responsibility to her position." But this is a tardy praise.

The bibliography at the end of Miss Anthony's book contains few items which can be classed as original sources. The reports of the Historical Manuscripts Commission are not mentioned, and this is strange for they contain some ten volumes of Burghley and Cecil correspondence, called by Mr. J. S. Brewer the most valuable private collection in England. Nor is there any reference to the great series of Calendars of State Papers, either foreign or domestic. Important secondary works are also omitted, such as Professor Cheyney's recent volume. The historian who is quoted most during her pages is James Anthony Froude, a distinguished name but not an infallible source of historical truth. Miss Anthony's bibliography is decidedly thin.

Rococo Painting

HISTOIRE DE LA PEINTURE FRANÇAISE AU XVIIIe SIÉCLE. Par Louis Réau. Paris: Van Oest. 1929. 2 vols.

Reviewed by A. Kingsley Porter
Harvard University

THESE two volumes form the conclusion of the work, the first three of which, by M. Dimier, have already been noticed in the *Saturday Review*. M. Réau knows his subject thoroughly, and presents it well. His study of the eighteenth century painting of France is not only full of valuable and first-hand information, but, especially in the first part, makes entertaining reading. This is the best book that exists, or is likely to be written, on its subject.

The eighteenth century introduced a radical alteration in French taste. In contrast to the pompous productions of the preceding age, it is rococo instead of baroque; the world has learned to laugh. It is the lack of a sense of the ridiculous that makes the period of Louis XIV boring; with Voltaire France bursts into gales of Homeric laughter. Malevolent and bitter, sarcastic, diabolically clever this laughter is—as joyless and hollow as the naughtiness which the age and with it the artists affected. These people have grown weary of the lilies and languors of virtue; of that there is no doubt; but they are too anæmic ever really to attain the roses and raptures of vice. They are eunuchs trying to play at Don Juan. That is the reason why, despite their ceaseless efforts, they afford singularly little satisfaction to a genuine taste for the pornographic.

While the fashionable world was trying with not always complete success to be wicked and gay, the thunder heads were gathering on the horizon. With Chardin there comes to artistic expression what the grand century had suppressed, the bourgeois. A French artist of the first rank follows the *genre* of Holland; he turns his back on princes and kings; he paints mean people in mean surroundings; the dingy light from cobwebbed windows steals furtively across his dark canvases; he strikes a note of realism in an age of glitter; he is the artistic symbol of the power that was preparing revolution. Echoing omens are heard in other directions. An attentive ear catches even in the artists who seem most carefree an overtone of tragedy. Watteau, the greatest genius of the age, the Poussin of the eighteenth century, separated from life by a slow and fatal disease, attains, as he dies, genuine poetry. Jouvenet paints his savage portrait of Finot—"masque bilieux d'Esculape emperruqué dont les petits yeux en vrille devaient donner aux patients la chair de poule." Lemoine goes mad and commits suicide. The great and successful Latour takes to eating his own excrements.

Meanwhile the court was developing a new art of decoration. An ideal of academicism has always been and will always be that the artist should reproduce nature as precisely as possible; and his art is considered good or bad according as it is successful in so doing. The invention of photography in our own time has brought singular disillusionment to this philosophy—more exact reproduction of nature by mechanical means seemed to leave no justification for the labor of the artist. Whence the revolt of the modern schools against naturalism. In the eighteenth century, a similar mechanical invention proved almost as disconcerting. A mirror obviously reproduced nature more faithfully than any canvas. If beauty was the reproduction of nature, was not a mirror the most beautiful of all objects? Instead of covering the walls of Versailles with Lebrun's paintings representing Louis XIV and his court, put there mirrors, and let the monarch see himself. So in rococo decoration painting was relegated to door-pieces, and mirrors reigned supreme. It was only ceilings that were secure from this type of ornament; and St. Yenne sarcastically writes that he is not without hope of one day seeing them glittering there too.

The rococo painters show a decided tendency to modify the solemn subjects which had been so much in vogue in the reign of Louis XIV. The same St. Yenne complains that artists instead of representing "les grandes passions de l'âme" prefer to depict "un médecin d'urine ou un arracheur de dents." Chardin elevates *nature morte* to the dignity of a *dessus de porte*. Coypel père it is true tries to paint God the Father, but the result is unhappily mistaken for an allegory of Winter. Santerre obtained great success for his Adam and Eve because he conceived the happy idea of representing them as without navels. Of even the great Boucher Diderot wrote:

> Ses vierges! de gentilles petites caillettes. Ses anges! de petits satyres libertins. Cet homme ne prend le pinceau que pour montrer des tétons et des fesses. Je suis bien aise d'en voir, mais je ne puis souffrir qu'on me les montre.

However, the formalism of the age of Louis XIV was not entirely dead. Rigaud turned out in quantity portraits as pompous as any of the preceding century. "Are there then only kings in France?" inquired the astonished Peter the Great, when he visited the atelier of the artist. Rigaud painted exclusively men; it was said that for all his bombast he was still too truthful to please the women "qui aiment mieux qu'on leur donner moins de ressemblance et plus de beauté."

These court ladies on the other hand never wearied of being represented, with or without clothing, as heroines in allegorical and mythological subjects. "Jean Raoux peignait ordinairement les dames de la cour en Cérès, en Pomones et, quand leur reputation le permettait, en Vestales." "La posterité croira qu'un des principaux amusements de ces dames était d'élever des oiseaux, mêmes les plus difficiles à approvoiser, tels que des aigles, à qui elles donnent du vin blanc dans une coupe d'or."

To express this new spirit of the new age, new mediums must be found. The academy exerted all its authority to keep oil painting alive, but in spite of its edicts it is pastel which expresses the genius of the time. The "poupées fardées" of Nattier already are impregnated by a reflection of the technique, and Latour never used any other. The theatre continues to exert a decisive influence on painting as M. Réau rightly points out; even the greatest artists, like Wattteau, drew directly thence their inspiration. The eighteenth century is indeed more theatrical than the seventeenth, although possibly less histrionic; for the emphasis of gesture upon which some of even the best painters of the age of Louis XIV, such as Poussin, had insisted, gives the seventeenth century a rhetorical swing, intensified by the habit of placing figures in gigantic architecture, like the proscenium of a stage. The manufacturies of tapestries also exercised a formative influence upon painters, the most eminent of whom made cartoons for the Gobelins, Beauvais, or Aubusson. Hence that peculiar decorative quality, the feathery trees, the dreamy landscape that enchant us in Fragonard. It is from tapestry, too, that comes the haunting beauty of Hubert Robert's ruins, more perhaps than from the Italian masters who more directly inspired him. In sacrificing representative art to the broader requirements of interior decoration, the age of Louis XV was merely continuing a French tradition at least as old as the thirteenth century. Subordination of the accessory arts to the ensemble, and the suppression of individualism have given to French art of nearly all periods a quality of good taste and architectonic finish, but perhaps explain why French painting from the days of Charlemagne to the Revolution was never quite of the first water, except for a brief moment in the eleventh and twelfth centuries.

Monsieur Réau's pages make us acquainted with a whole galaxy of minor artists, many virtually unknown, and a source of genuine pleasure. His knowledge of the period is profound, his book abounds in new and vital criticism. Banal figures like Greuze and Mme. Vigée-Lebrun he wisely lets sink into the background—it is too bad they can't be omitted altogether. He handles skilfully a vast mass of erudite material; it is all there for the scholar, but will not spoil the enjoyment of the more superficial reader, who will find in the book the best of introductions to a period which is, despite its limitations, one of singular charm.

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Dance and Reverie

DANCING CATALANS. By J. LANGDON-DAVIES. New York: Harper & Bros. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by ELEANOR MERCEIN KELLY
Author of "Basquerie"

READERS who hope to find in this slight volume an exhaustive treatise on the dance, or one of the super-travel books which publish themselves for an ever-increasing demand during these wanderfooted times of plenty, will be disappointed. It is rather, to quote one of its author's pleasant phrases, "a sort of organized reverie stimulated by the dancers under the trees," and all the better for a fine, free lack of direction. The first chapter commences: "Three roads pass out of our town, and of these one, which begins at the Southern end, is distinguished beyond the other two by leading nowhere in the world." Mr. Langdon-Davies's book is also a road which begins at the Southern end.

As one picks it up and lays it down again from time to time, always with a picture to remember—for the author is by way of being an artist turned philosopher, as all good authors should be—one begins to detect a certain plea running through the finely-wrought Sitwellian phrases: a plea for the myth in life, no matter what myth—Rotarianism, catholicism, Big Business, the-world-safe-for-democracy—and for the play-spirit which Mediterraneans have not yet lost; not quite. Also a certain terror, flattering or not according to the point of view, of world-Americanization.

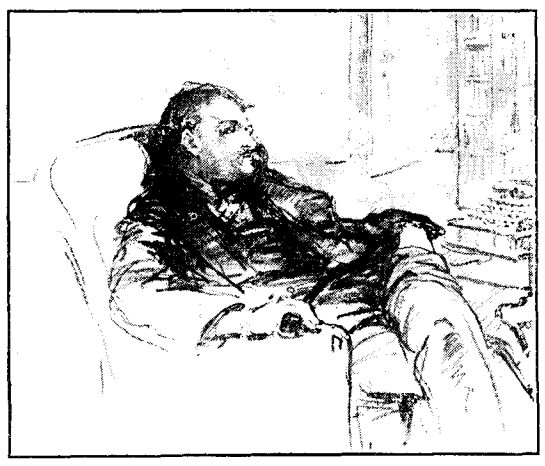
Americans who travel—and which of us do not?—are beginning to share that fear themselves, and spend much effort to discover bits of the old world which are obliging enough to remain old for our benefit. Many, on reading this little work, will probably take ship at once for Catalonia, in order to observe the chaste and grave Sardana being tripped hand-in-hand among the wharves and tramlines and market-places by a group composed of lawyers, stevedores, merchants, and other leading citizens, before its naïve intricacies shall have been superseded by some such dance-*motif* as: "Yes, sir, she's my baby." Judging from personal experience I should advise them to hurry. During my last visit to Spain, the "char-les-tone" and the "fos-trot" bade fair to become the popular folk-dances of even so remote a province as the Balearic Islands. But Mr. Langdon-Davies believes that the Sardana is safe so long as Catalonia feels itself an oppressed nation; the final remaining gesture of a passionately desired separatism.

Three classes of people, he tells us, disapprove this interesting rhythmic tradition: those who have not seen it danced, those who fear it for political reasons, and the immoralists, to whom dancing is merely a surreptitious emotional indulgence. Sex plays no part in the Sardana, men and women enter and drop out of the circle at will, quite indifferent to one another for the moment. It is a mere social ritual, in which all classes and ages take part. It was even, in the beginning, a religious ritual, danced at the church door after mass and under the direction of the clergy. Since Primo de Rivera, whom this writer refers to candidly—let us hope at a safe distance—as the "rather childish and amiable Mussolini of Spain," has forbidden the old Catalan costume, speech, and even colors, the Sardana remains the sole symbol of Catalan solidarity; and even it may not be enjoyed except in the presence of the hated Castilian soldiery. Therefore it is enjoyed as frequently and defiantly as possible. Whatever may have been the primitive origin of this ancient people, there is something extremely Celtic and reminiscent of Ireland in Catalonia's attitude toward the oppressing Castile.

By contrast, the author gives some interesting paragraphs on the type of dancing which has emanated largely from the country he considers the center of the new civilization, as Paris of the old: America.

Or rather Middle-West America, since he concedes to the South, and to "the provincial literary folk of New York and Boston," a certain immunity from the prevailing "standardized vulgarity." Jazz he regards less as an expression of sex than of sex-repression; ominously adding that only such things may be repressed as are weak enough for repression—rather a whack at Flaming Youth and its imitators, who regard themselves as virile or nothing; cave-man stuff, in fact. The waltz, he declares,—shades of our discreet forebears!—was a far more exciting performance emotionally than the decadent syncopations now so frowned upon by those who do not engage in them.

In Spain this sort of thing arranges itself better, apparently. One should not make the popular error of supposing that people of lands "where the sun has got into man and grape alike" are more sensually inclined than people in the North, where overcoat and umbrella somewhat cramp man's full communion with nature, so that he is thrown back upon his own rather limited resources for pleasure. The Mediterranean has so many outside excitations to physical enjoyment—the caressing air, the greater ease and simplicity of living, the communal outdoor life made natural by climate—that no one of his pleasures attain undue emphasis, and love and sex take no more than their allotted share of his attention. Matters are further simplified by the fact that for him only one relationship between the sexes is conceivable; there are no platonics, no free and enciting camaraderie, none of those half-loves which so frequently upset a man's equilibrium. Woman's place in Spain is as fixed as the Sardana movements, where no individuality is permitted, any variation from the accepted mode condemned. Love, as divorced from sex, knows only one direction: motherhood. There indeed the Spanish woman has her innings; no need in Spain of an artificially and commercially engendered Mother's Day! The great cult of the Madonna is merely the expression of Spain's national and universal mother-worship.



MANUEL KOMROFF
From a lithograph by his wife Elinor M. Barnard.

Every Spaniard, in fact, seems desirous of turning his wife into his mother as soon as the first raptures of courtship have waned, judging by the admiration and prevalence of the hypermaternal figure, coupled with the hyperdomestic virtues, at an early age. The result is a quiet and enduring contentment in Spanish domestic circles which is not obvious, since Spanish domestic circles do not readily disclose themselves to the passing eye, but is none the less striking to those who know. Despite her archaic state of downtrodden, abject, almost Oriental subservience to the requirements of a man's world, woman in Spain appears to be a most disturbingly contented creature.

What conclusion is reached by this "organized reverie," if any, remains in doubt; whether in the interests of human happiness Mr. Langdon-Davies advocates abandonment of the Hollywood diet in favor of hypermaternal figures, or the adoption of some sort of stately racial one-step, suitable to Anglo-Saxon natures, with which to supplant the present nervous syncopations of our night clubs. He appends, with truly British thoroughness, full directions for dancing the Sardana; so many steps to the left, so many to the right, with joined hands undulating up and down in unison.

Personally, it would give me rather a shock to encounter a group of respectable American citizens, brokers, bootleggers, Rotarians, typists, and leading clubmen, circling spirally down Broadway, with joined hands undulating up and down in unison. It would give me, perhaps, an even greater shock to encounter such an apparition in Piccadilly. But undoubtedly the play-spirit is what most piteously lacks in a world so rapidly outgrowing all its myths, a world "grown lonely with the development of its own brain." And that is why we hasten in ever-increasing hordes, alas! to drop behind us the blue curtain of the sea upon reality, and lose ourselves in make-believe places where grown men and women still have the energy, and the leisure, and the fine unconscious courage, to do our playing for us.

A Tapestry of Four Centuries

CORONET. By MANUEL KOMROFF. New York: Coward-McCann. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THIS novel of adventure (which is *not* translated from the Russian," but written in its original English) has the richness of background, the strength of individual characterization, the sweep, and narrative interest, that the revived historical romance of the last few years has too frequently lacked. It belongs with that excellent, and not sufficiently appreciated, story, "General Crack," now in the movies, and if it is by no means so original as the historical stories of the German, Feuchtwanger, it is closer to the ideal of pleasure giving which was the star of Sir Walter Scott.

"Coronet" has its own special machinery, which the reader is advised not to take too seriously. A coronet made in Florence for the Count of Senlis, an aristocrat of the old order of birth, and a silver whip mended in the same Florence for a Russian barbarian despot, are the symbols of aristocracy which through all its transformations from dependence upon blood, through military power, wit, and the intellect, down to money, retains or assumes the same characteristics of dominance by pride or by force. It is a philosophy of history which holds this long story together for four centuries in which the same families appear and reappear with the whip and the coronet, but the holding together is its only important service. The narrative is the thing.

The breadth and variety and richness of this narrative are rather remarkable. How many memoirs have been levied upon it is impossible to say, but Mr. Komroff is no ordinary thief. He has known how to make Renaissance Florence singularly vivid with a dramatization of "virtú" in his apprentices become aristocrats that owes as much to his own imagination as to Cellini. When blood goes under and military power becomes the maker of aristocrats, he can create a Napoleonic era that, like Stendhal's, gives the feel of life in the hearts of the participants. He has even written another Moscow campaign that does not suffer from a hundred predecessors. More novel and as interesting are his scenes with Chopin and Balzac as aristocrats, and most vivid of all the wind-up in the Siberian wilds where the last Burin aristocrat, become a desperado of the White Army, is killed in a rape while the bands of armed Bolshevik children are advancing, singing their songs.

* * *

Mr. Komroff is evidently Slavic in descent, and perhaps it is the injection of Russia into this story, from the first barbaric boyar, through the Burins—childish adventurers, libertines, mystics, to the last Alexander whose servant loves him because he is consistently evil—that gives this romance a fresh novelty, as of painting dealing with the fresh themes of the South Seas. Continuity in the rapidly changing modern world is romance itself. Many a poor book, like "Phra the Phoenician," has survived because of the skilful play upon man's desire to feel himself an heir and participant in all history. It is the theme, a little twisted, of Mr. Balderston's "Berkeley Square," now running in New York. But "Coronet" would be a good enough book even without its continuity. It has that wide range of characters which in our obsession with scientific naturalism in literature we have so conspicuously lost; it has that flow of narrative which is the essence of story-telling even if not a necessary accompaniment of great art—and here again our novelists have been lacking, so much so that the success of a writer like Mr. Louis Bromfield may be almost entirely credited to his gift for marshalling episode. One of the functions of narrative is to enlarge the fancy, exercise the historical instinct, enrich experience by a vivid consciousness of events that may have happened outside our limit of time. In this, which, if not an achievement of great art, is certainly a real service to the imagination, "Coronet" is really successful. Its philosophy is true enough to stand up while the story is being told, but read it for the story—and old Jobey, young Rocco, Mlle. Georges, Count Burin the hermit, Lame Ivan, and the hundred others on this tapestry of four centuries.

According to statistics which have recently been published in Germany, German works command much higher prices in translation in foreign countries than in the original at home.

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M. Poincaré at War

THE MEMOIRS OF RAYMOND POINCARÉ, 1914. Translated by SIR GEORGE ARTHUR. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1929. $5.

Reviewed by BERNADOTTE E. SCHMITT

THIS instalment of the great French statesman's memoirs is quite unlike the previous ones. In the first volume (of the English translation), M. Poincaré offered a detached account of his first ministry (1912), quoting frequently from unpublished documents and speaking *ex auctoritate*; in the second he presented a closely-reasoned *plaidoyer* exonerating France from responsibility for the war. If these volumes have excited lively controversy, their high value has perhaps been only enhanced. But in the new volume, which in the original French is entitled "L'Invasion" and is translated fully (instead of being "adapted"), M. Poincaré appears neither as witness for the crown nor as lawyer for the French government, but merely as reporter to the French people of what its governors and soldiers were doing in the period from August 5 to December 31, 1914. And a very disgruntled reporter at that. The notion that M. Poincaré, after his elevation to the presidency of the Republic in January, 1913, continued to dominate the successive cabinets he appointed certainly find no confirmation in the story of these five months. On the contrary, the President was practically the prisoner of his government. He was forced to leave Paris against his will and not allowed to return as soon as he wished; he was kept from the front as long as possible; his advice was frequently rejected, he constantly had trouble in getting information, and he was often the butt of criticism to which he could not reply. His position was not made easier by the fact that he took a much less confident view of the situation than either Joffre or the government—and could do little about it.

The narrative is set forth day by day, seemingly on the basis of contemporary notes, although now and again post-war revelations are interpolated to explain matters not clear at the time. As is always the case with M. Poincaré, he can omit nothing, and his account might almost be called an encyclopedia of the war. The reviewer had recalled to him many incidents of those days which he had forgotten. The form adopted will be greatly appreciated by the historian, for M. Poincaré makes the war live again just as it appeared to people who read about it day by day in the newspapers. He conscientiously and frequently records his expectation—or at any rate his hope—that the next move will bring about a change in the situation, and also, as he puts it in one place, "the weary warfare goes on and decision seems something of a will-o'-the-wisp."

On the whole, the book makes rather depressing reading—and thereby gains in historicity. The politicians out of office at once clamored for jobs and had to be humored, including Joseph Caillaux, whom M. Poincaré did not trust. The tension between Joffre and Galliéni was little short of a scandal; Joffre and Sir John French got on none too well, a circumstance which gave Foch a chance to exercise his marvellous ability of managing men. The munitions factories were not able to do what was expected of them, which was in fact less than the needs of the war demanded. Delcassé, who insisted on having the foreign office, was none too successful; at any rate he could not prevent his imaginative Russian colleague, Sazonov, from bringing forward every day some new proposal for dealing with Turkey or the Balkan states. Altogether the French war machine at this stage was a very imperfect affair, in spite of the high-handed actions of the military authorities, which caused M. Poincaré no little concern.

As if all this were not enough, the President had to carry on a private vendetta with Georges Clemenceau, which came to a head when the "Tiger" accused him of withdrawing troops from the front to serve as a personal escort and of asking for an increase of salary. The stinging letter which M. Poincaré sent to his persecutor shows that he is far from being the cold intellectual of popular fancy; and he adds: "There will of course be no reply to my letter, but I did give some relief to my feelings in writing it." About the only comfort left to the President in these days was the affection shown for him by the Lorrainers when he visited the front, the sound common sense of Sir Edward Grey, and the loyalty of King Albert of Belgium.

The BOWLING GREEN

In Memoriam Louis Braille

SOME time ago The Bowling Green uttered an inquiry regarding Louis Braille, benefactor of the blind, as it is now a hundred years since his perfection of the raised type which bears his name. M. Abel Chevalley, the French correspondent of the SATURDAY REVIEW, interested himself in our question with characteristic kindness and efficacy. From M. Dandieu, of the Bibliothèque Nationale, and from the Association Valentin Haüy pour le Bien des Aveugles (9, rue Duroc, Paris) we have received an interesting summary of Braille's career, which we are proud to print.

The first memorandum was compiled for us by one of the blind staff of the Association Valentin Haüy, the famous institution in Paris founded in 1889 by Maurice de la Sizeranne (himself blind) which publishes French works in Braille.

Louis Braille was born in 1809 at Conpvray, a village in Seine-et-Marne. He was the son of a harness-maker, and when he was three years old he lost his sight through hurting himself with one of his father's tools one day when he was playing in the workshop.

His parents heard that there was some method of teaching the blind, and applied for Louis admission to the "Royal Institution for Blind Children" in Paris. In those days the school had only the most rudimentary equipment, and most of the teaching had to be entirely oral, so that only a few elementary subjects could be taught, but Louis Braille made good progress. He was ten when he entered the school, and at seventeen he was promoted to the staff; for the rest of his life he worked quietly and devotedly for his blind pupils, teaching them, and trying to find new and easier ways for them to learn. Besides grammar, arithmetic, history and geography Braille taught music, and during his life he was organist of three churches in Paris. He died in 1852 and was buried near his home, where there is a monument to his honour.

The life was quiet and uneventful; the work immortal.

The pioneer teacher of the Blind in France was Valentin Haüy (1745-1822); it was he who first thought of making tangible letters—Roman characters raised in relief on strong paper, and large enough to be recognised by touch. This idea was very useful for teaching the blind to read, but writing was a more difficult matter, and ready-made letters had generally to be used. Various experiments were made after Haüy's time, and letters of different shapes and sizes were tried, but the original idea was not appreciably modified until in 1829 Charles Barbier (an officer of artillery) had the bright idea of using a series of combinations of points, arranged so as to give a rough phonetic system of thirty-six signs, and made by pricking the paper with a sort of blunt pin. This "high writing," as he called it, was dedicated "to the Blind, and to all people who have reached a ripe age without learning to write." The system was sketchy and incomplete, but the idea was excellent: to replace the line by the point as the basis of the "tangible" letter. Distinct points are easier to feel, and less easy to confuse than lines running together to form a network; they are more definite, and less likely to be obliterated by use. Braille realised this at once, and saw that the only difficulty was to decide on the best number of points and signs to use—enough to give a complete system, and yet not too many to learn by heart. He began to experiment with this method when he was only sixteen and he eventually decided to use sixty-three combinations of six points, forming a complete system—the alphabet, with accented and unaccented letters, punctuation, figures, alebraic and musical signs, and even stenographic abbreviations.

At the same time Braille invented a very ingenious and simple tool with which all these punctured signs could be made. He thought over his system for a long time, altering and improving the different combinations, and when he felt completely satisfied with it he communicated with Barbier, who was favourably impressed. Braille was convinced that his system was much more satisfactory than Barbier's, but he was eager to give the honour and the credit to the man who had first suggested the idea. He made no claims for his method, but tried it on his pupils, and was delighted with the result; when he heard a small child read a page of punctured writing almost consecutively [or "straight off"] he realized that his discovery might revolutionize the life of the Blind. Soon all the pupils and the blind teachers had learned to read and write, but the system met with some opposition from those of the masters who were not blind, because they could not themselves appreciate its utility. In 1840, at the age of 31, Braille made his great invention public, and many of the Blind set to work, laboriously transcribing huge tomes in "Braille." Braille's treatise on his system met with a reception which must have given him great pleasure, but he had the prejudice and hostility of the authorities to combat, and it was only in 1852 (the very year of his death) that the Braille system was adopted exclusively. During this temporary holdup Braille himself kept very quiet, and waited to see what the results of his work would be.

Today "Braille" is known all over the world. America has a slightly modified form—the New York system—in which the points are arranged on two horizontal lines. One of the most important branches of Brailles work was to adapt his system to the writing of music—still keeping to the same six points—and this was a great step forward in the teaching of music to the Blind.

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To the above the Secretary of the Association Valentin Haüy has very kindly added a postcript which we translate:

The private life of Louis Braille has passed into shadow. Everything that has been written about him speaks of his work and hardly at all of his personality. With the exception of the memoirs of Maurice de la Sizeranne none of the books about Louis Braille are in print, and even the biographical file in the Institution Nationale des Jeunes Aveugles was destroyed in 1870 with many other data.

Young Braille's aptitude for teaching was noticed very early. At the age of 14 he was instructing his fellow pupils in the manufacture of felt slippers; at sixteen he gave piano lessons, and a year later he was teaching grammar and geography. He was soon given charge of courses in history, arithmetic, geometry and algebra, in addition to the violin and 'cello. This miscellaneous instruction, though elementary, required a very various knowledge and all the more creditable in that textbooks suitable for him were not in existence.

The youth was gifted with a very accurate memory and a remarkable swiftness of assimilation. The necessity of abbreviation, for the sake of his pupils, became a master quality in him. Directness and clarity which were his characteristics as a student were further developed in him as a teacher, ripened by maturity and reflection. His explanations were always simple, clear and precise; he said all that was necessary, but only that. He often resumed what he had already said, briefly so as not to be wearisome, but adequately to recall what had gone before and to introduce the sequel. He treated his pupils with extreme gentleness, punishing very rarely and then with benevolent firmness. A contemporary who served as his guide in the streets and knew him well has written "Louis Braille, who was an outstanding personality at the Institution, made himself loved and valued by all for his amenity and graciousness. He was frail and anaemic with very delicate physique. According to my memory he was tubercular. His rather haggard features were marked by a gentle melancholy. Though not much of a talker he loved to inform himself on everything which had bearing on the affairs of the Institution. He was very careful in dress and his bearing was always precisely correct. His spirit was lucid and practical; a devout Catholic he always performed his religious discipline with great punctilio. He listened attentively to all that was said, and was usually the last to offer his opinion, which was given tersely and without unnecessary words."

M. Villey reports that Braille had a remarkable power of concentration, a sobriety of judgment that made him the adviser of all his acquaintance. A part of his very modest means was reserved for the expense of his researches and the rest was always devoted to charity. While still a child his playmates used to call him "The Judge." When age and experience had enlarged these instinctive qualities his friends and pupils continually cames to ask his advice in difficult matters. Very gently, in his rather feeble voice, he would usually reply "I'll give you my answer tomorrow." Though his conversation and letters reveal a melancholy due to his poor health he was no less fond of sprightly society and enjoyed playing cards with his colleagues. He used to say pleasantly, as he sat down to a hand of cards, "Gambling houses are houses of perdition." Most of all he loved chess, and a painter whom he met in Auvergne was his favorite opponent.

Ill health compelled him soon to abandon his general teaching and restrict himself to lessons on the piano. During the hemorrhage which was fatal to him his bearing was an inspiration to all. His friends tried to encourage him, to which he answered, "Il n'est pas necessaire de dissimuler avec moi." He died on January 6, 1852; his surviving friend already quoted tells us that his passing caused general consternation among the blind. Their memory was not only of his rectitude of spirit but also of his extraordinary generosity. He had given up his position as organist in one of the churches of Paris in favor of a friend whose need he considered greater. After his death one of his nieces found a box marked "Burn without opening." His executors, after some discussion, believing that the contents of the box might require some adjustment, decided to disobey his instruction. The box was full of receipts for sums loaned by Braille. The executors respected his desire and destroyed the papers.

These are all the personal details which it is possible to revive.

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Mr. Clinton Rogers Woodruff writes that I assumed too much from the omission of the word "militant" in the revised Book of Common Prayer. Mr. Woodruff says:

I want to express my sincere appreciation of your interesting and sympathetic article on the new Prayer Book.

May I point out, however, that the omission of the word "militant" in the prayer for the "whole state of Christ's Church" had nothing to do with pacifism, but with a question of theology. By omitting the word "militant" the prayer is for the whole Church, both militant and expectant. To put it differently, the prayer now is for the dead as well as for the living, and if you will examine the prayer you will find that words to that effect have been inserted.

I am just a little disappointed that the point was one of theology rather than an intentional disavowal of war.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

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BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

Here, There, Everywhere

WHITE AFRICANS AND BLACK. By SINGER-BALDRIDGE. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1929. $10.

MISADVENTURES OF A TROPICAL MEDICO. By H. S. DICKEY. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1929. $3.50.

SAVAGE GENTLEMEN. By MABEL COOKE COLE. New York: D. Van Nostrand Co. 1929. $3.50.

A VERY NAKED PEOPLE. By ALBERT LONDRES. New York: Horace Liveright. 1929. $3.

Reviewed by KERMIT ROOSEVELT

THESE four volumes cover a wide range of territory, stretching from the Philippines through Africa to South America. Few people are so well qualified to speak of the northern countries of the last named continent as Dr. Dickey. He set off for Colombia in 1899 as a newly fledged doctor with one hundred dollars in his pocket, and immediately found himself plunged into the horrors of a revolution. It was a bitter baptism that he received at Baranquilla, where he took charge of a dilapidated church that had been commandeered to serve as a yellow fever hospital. After arduous days and nights struggling against the disease, while totally destitute of any medical equipment, he got a position as doctor to a mining company in the interior. Here, at least, he had some of the tools and supplies of his calling, although he could get no vaccine when, shortly after his arrival, there broke out an epidemic of the most virulent form of smallpox.

A goodly portion of his book is taken up with the ghastly history of the Putomayo, where the Indians were slaughtered and tortured wholesale by the rubber gatherers. Dr. Dickey was closely identified with Roger Casement in the exposure of these evils, and the account that he gives of his association with that ill-starred Irishman is of great interest. The description of his physical person is vivid:

> Casement was a remarkably unusual person, but there were few things about him more remarkable than his dress. Embarking on the river steamer from Para that day in 1911, when the temperature was floating around ninety-six in the shade, he wore a thick and very dark brown suit of Irish homespun. How he stood it, I do not know, but then the rest of his costume was at least as strange. His straw hat looked quite as if it had been taken from an ash can years before. He wore a heavy flannel shirt, but did recognize the tropics to the extent of wearing white canvas shoes, the soles of which were of rubber. The final touch was a tremendous and very knobby walking stick—a shillalah that must have been two inches in diameter at the very least.

Dr. Dickey had plenty of adventures with bandits and Indians and rubber gatherers. He was lost in the jungle. He had yellow fever, and pernicious malaria. He was lashed to a tree by Indians who cut gashes in the trunk to attract the swarms of ants which harassed him for twenty-two hours.

Hawthorne Daniel, editor of the magazine of the American Museum of Natural History, has collaborated in the writing of the book, and the resultant product is well worthy of both. The one serious drawback is the complete lack of any sort of map with which to follow Dr. Dickey's wanderings. The two volumes on Africa, with that of the "Tropical Medico," are the works of "tenderfeet," and naturally do not represent the hardship and adventure of the latter. This, of course, in no way detracts from their value and interest. The Singer-Baldridge ménage spent fourteen months, landing first on the Gold Coast and working down to the Congo, where they crossed over to Dar-es-Salaam. They broke their voyage home at Djibouti, whence they went into Abyssinia.

This book is a rare combination of three artists working each in his own *milieu*. To Mr. Baldridge's admirable drawings and paintings is added the literary skill with which Miss Singer records her vivid impressions of native life. The value of both is immeasurably enhanced by the fact that the book has been designed and manufactured by the William Edwin Rudge Company.

The reviewer may here put in an aside that the fact that Miss Singer is evidently a member of the Lucy Stone League complicates his task, and gives an unconventional air to his references.

To return to "White Africa and Black." For a consecutive account of a journeying, Miss Singer has substituted a series of sketches, and found a vehicle that portrays admirably her fresh reactions to native and foreign life. The chapter entitled "Madame Has Courage" is an admirable description of the valiant battle of a French woman against the forces of "les pays chauds." The sketches of native manners and customs are concise and trenchant.

Mr. Baldridge's illustrations are profuse and, of course, make the work of the best artist in photography seem flat and stale. Even half a dozen of them would have greatly helped Albert Londres's book, in which the photographic work is of an exceedingly mediocre quality. The book is reported to have made a "tremendous sensation in France," but it is not easy in it to discover the cause of such a furor. The title seems to have been selected for sensational reasons rather than from any particular applicability. The style throughout is staccato and undoubtedly reads better in the original. Many of the chapters throw exceedingly interesting sidelights on the incongruities existing between white and black ideals of justice. Mr. Londres stresses all that is bizarre in physique and mentality. From his accounts it would appear that the French magistrates have proved particularly adept in comprehending the quirks of the native mind, and dealing out justice accordingly.

When I picked up "Savage Gentlemen," my thoughts sped back to the old Hotel des Indes in Batavia with the loom of the shadowing trees and the procession of silent-footed boys bearing the condiments that go to season their delicious national dish, the "riztaffel." Dr. and Mrs. Cole had only recently come in from Sumatra, and their rooms were strewn with bolos and shields and headdresses. Wicked Malay kris and murderous tall steel spears were being boxed for shipment to Chicago.

Mrs. Cole began her career as a field anthropologist in the Philippines, and it is with her experiences there that this volume deals. Since the United States assumed control of the islands, our form of civilization has rapidly penetrated the interior, and the wilder tribes are losing their ancient customs. This situation renders additionally valuable the work that Dr. and Mrs. Cole have done.

The book deals particularly with the Tinguians and the pygmy Negritos of Luzon and the Moros of Mindanao. As in the case of the "Tropical Medico," the absence of any map is an undesirable and unnecessary handicap to the reader.

The accounts of the spiritualistic séances held by the Tinguians, and the strict régime under which a chosen medium lives, form one of the most interesting portions of the book. Dr. and Mrs. Cole obviously possess to a very marked degree that intangible something that enables one to secure the confidence of primitive peoples. It is certainly to be hoped that Mrs. Cole will follow up this book with accounts of her subsequent journeyings.

Cowboys and Cattle

THE DAY OF THE CATTLEMAN. By ERNEST STAPLES OSGOOD. Minneapolis: The University of Minnesota Press. 1929. $3.50.

DR. STAPLES has given us the first really comprehensive and yet analytical book on a much-treated field. There are two good historical works on the cowboy, one on the rise of the livestock industry, several on the Texas cattle-drive, one on ranching in the North, and two or three on the Indian wars in the range country. Though in its style this volume smacks here and there of the doctoral dissertation, and though it does not treat with sufficient detail or color some of the rich human aspects of its subject, it does not fall far short of the level of a standard treatise. That is, it takes up all the main aspects of the cattle-ranching industry from 1860 to 1890, delves more deeply into the evidence than previous students have gone, makes a few discoveries of importance, and welds a great mass of material, old and new, into a well-proportioned and well-documented outline of nearly three hundred pages.

While upon many aspects of the rise and fall of the range there is not much that is new to be said, upon some other phases Dr. Staples does bring forward novel information. His first chapter, "The Cattleman's Frontier," is of interest especially for its demonstration that the northern ranges, the high plains, were fairly well known and used even before the close of the Civil War; there were the nuclei of considerable herds here—herds drawn from the stock of the emigrants and goldseekers, from the Mormon stock, from the thousands of animals brought out by the freighting companies, and from the California and Oregon herds. This of course disposes of the popular supposition that the Texas cattle-drive first demonstrated the potentialities of the northern grazing lands. The next chapter, "The Texas Invasion," traces with greater exactitude than ever before the steps by which Southern cattle were introduced into Kansas and Nebraska, the Dakotas, Colorado, and the mountain valleys. There is little that is fresh in "The Indian Barrier." But in "The Cattle Boom" Dr. Osgood presents a fuller business history of the eager speculative decade on the ranges, the 'eighties, when the great cattle companies rose on the capital of the East and of England and then began to go to smash, than Dr. Rudolph Clemen did in his "Livestock Industry." The last chapter on "Disaster and Transition" again traces with new precision the slow but inexorable march of the homesteader and farmer over the areas where once the cattle-baron was sole lord. It is pleasant to see this semi-epic phase of Western life, now almost completely dead, given such honest, scientific, and thorough examination.

Fiction

CONEY ISLAND. By HOMER CROY. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1929. $2.

NEW YORK. By NAT J. FERBER. New York: Covici-Friede. 1929. $2.50.

BROADWAY INTERLUDE. By ACHMED ABDULLAH and FAITH BALDWIN. New York: Payson & Clarke. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

EACH of these three novels is concerned with New York, but so different are the phases of life depicted that they seem to belong to three different cities. Mr. Croy's hero, a young inventor by the name of Chic Cotton, spends most of his time in Coney Island. His invention, a new device for the amusement park, takes him there; a far from platonic interest in Queenie Johnson, Coney Island's première tight-rope walker, inspires him to make frequent visits. A refined young maiden of more reputable social position serves as Queenie's foil; Chic—our hero—contrives to become engaged to both girls at once, and alarming complications ensue. The author develops this plot with humor and with more plausibility than would seem possible, but in his digressions lies his chief virtue. There he describes the weird, nervous, transient world of Coney Island, with its hodge-podge of cabaret dancers, acrobats, freaks, concessionaires—home (during the summer) of such picturesque characters as Elfa, the Elephant-skinned Girl, who never wanted her normal daughter to find out who her mother was; Half-Pint, the midget dandy, who lived in constant fear of having to join a midget troupe; Madame Hurta, the Hungarian Bearded Lady, who could speak four languages. The social strata of Coney Island are an open book to Mr. Croy; he tells us who the aristocrats are, and shows them as human beings in a limited artificial world that is very real to them. His writing is often repetitious, but he gives the reader a genuine feeling of understanding of a *milieu* at once fascinating and repellent.

The *milieu* shown by Mr Ferber is a good deal more repellent than fascinating. Although his book is rather comprehensively entitled "New York," it confines itself exclusively to the activities of Russian and Polish Jews who emigrated to America in the eighteen-eighties. Julius Midas, the central figure, is symbolical of the money-grubbing type who after making his millions (in this case from real estate) can think of nothing more sensible to do than to give away large sums to charity. There are one or two less depressing characters in the book—notably Al, who plays the part of the "lovable failure" almost too consistently—but the general atmosphere can be conveyed only in terms of dollars and cents. Description of people is subordinated to announcements of what they are worth, or perhaps that is the only description possible. The talented fringe of the class to which Midas belongs is represented only by a few superficial references to Irving Berlin, George Gershwin, and others. "New York" has no literary value; Mr. Ferber fails on the few occasions when he deserts business *coups* for emotional or philosophical flights, but as a reflections of a period of feverish building and land development by individuals who never stop to think why they are doing what they are doing, his book may be of some interest.

In "Broadway Interlude" real characters also appear thinly disguised. Fortunately they are more interesting characters. Their setting is the theatrical world of Broadway; outstanding among their number is one Leo Cardoza, obviously inspired by David Belasco. Otto Kahn appears, almost libellously portrayed, in the guise of Julius Beck; Alexander Woolcott is Lysander Cotton; Roy Hartley—Walter Winchell, and so on. Everyone seems pretty tinselly; conversations in staccato, punctuated with dots, affected, a trifle too theatrical even for the theatrical world. Unlike Mr. Croy, the authors make no attempt to penetrate the veneer of the society they portray, but their satiric wit, although too slapstick at times, is partial compensation for their exaggeration and superficiality.

RED CAVALRY. By ISAAC BABEL. New York: Alfred A Knopf. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

BABEL'S stories of Budyenny's troopers, in their campaign against the Poles in '20, remind one of those worm's eye view cartoons which used to be published in *Life* years ago—or ranching stories told by the steers themselves.

Babel is a clever young Odessa Jew who has made himself one of the fictional voices of the new order in Russia. He wrote these sketches, published in Russia under the title "Konarmia" (Horse Play), as a result of his own experiences with Budyenny's Cossacks. They are, that is to say, a Bolshevik intellectual's attempt to express, in Bolshevik jargon and in Bolshevik ideology, his interpretation of the actions and feelings of a pack of semi-savages in the thick of an active campaign.

Any writer who has breathed the nightmare air of Russia since 1917, must needs be more or less preoccupied with brutal sufferings and cruelties. If, as in Babel's case, he is by way of being an interpreter of the new ideology; if he accepts it to the extent of scrapping most of "bourgeois" civilization's reticences and loyalties, denying religion, love—except as a chemical process—family ties, and so on, and picks out as the subject of his literary experiments a pack of human beings unusually primitive, naturally, and in the thick of a rather unusually ruthless guerilla war—the result, obviously, will be something like this.

Possibly these tales are, as some of their admirers have suggested, "Homeric"—although the comparison isn't very flattering either to Homer or to a human race which fancies it has made certain advances since the ninth century B.C. To this reader they seem, although certainly not without a curious talent, affected, disgustingly brutal, and touched now and then with degeneracy.

In justice to their author, it should be explained that they doubtless lose a good deal in translation. Babel himself had to approximate the colloquial grunts and bellowings of his characters when putting his stories into more or less readable Russian. This Russian has again been turned by the present translator into a semi-cockney equivalent, stilted for the most part, and frequently, to the American reader, quite unreal. No wonder, after all these transmigrations, and all things considered, these possibily much mis-used Cossacks should seem queer!

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The Future of Sea Power

Mr. Alec Wilson, author of the foregoing article, who was at one time a naval architect, and is now a member of the Headquarters Staff of the British League of Nations Union and a speaker and writer upon subjects concerned with the League of Nations, has studied at first-hand the question of sea power. He presents here not only an analysis of the changed conditions which modern nations must face in remaking the laws of the sea, but also the British point of view, and the cost and the result of the sacrifices which Great Britain will have to make if order is to come out of disorder. He writes not without intimate knowledge of American public opinion and of the underlying necessities of the American problem. Mr. Hoover's suggestion of free traffic lanes for food ships in war time was made after the writing of this article. The author would presumably feel that such a proposal would necessarily be only an opening lead toward the complete exercise of international police power which he outlines in this essay.

WHAT did Emperor Justinian mean when he said, "Ego, Lex Maris, Dominus Terrae"—that "The Law of the Sea Is Lord of the Land"? Emperor, and Premier, and President,—and kings and admirals past counting, have been discussing sea power. What is sea power? How may it be used,—or abused? If we can get the question clear, its answer may contribute to an assured world-peace.

But the story of power at sea is so old, so crammed with picturesque detail, so full of national traditions and deep-rooted prejudices, that most of us easily get lost among the trees and cannot see the wood. We are clouding our minds just now with tonnage, and "gunnage," and the "yardstick," and "parity," and "relative strengths." Admiralties issue solemn statements of their "absolute minimum requirements" (which turn out, somehow, to be oddly elastic), in order to attain "security" (which states never seem to attain by making themselves dangerous). All this is very necessary, but we are likely to get bewildered by a sort of naval theology of "relativity" and "the absolute,"—and thus to become as sheep for the Shearers of this world, whether clever rascals who fleece us for their own gain, or old-fashioned patriots still urging a policy in which they passionately believe.

Yet the essential facts about power at sea are so elementally simple that, once one has grasped the central idea, all the parts of the puzzle drop easily into their places, fit together, and form a definite picture. There is not a more important picture in the world's political picture-gallery today.

What, then, is sea power? How does a maritime state bring pressure to bear upon a land state? We shall get at the answer quicker by considering the problem first in terms of war. Since a navy cannot attack an army by shooting at it, how can it hurt that army? *By cutting off the army's supplies.*

That bit of elementary strategy is as old as the history of the sea. Sea wars are, by the nature of the case, the sea equivalent of sieges by land,—though the scale, is far larger, since the effort is to besiege whole countries, not single towns. From which it follows that sea battles are noisy, expensive, and unnecessary incidents in the reality of war as conducted by a naval state. England, like all her naval predecessors, has acted on this principle for generations,—though it remained for Admiral Mahan to work out and expound the technical theory that underlay the ancient practice. He was the first to explain to all who cared to read—"the noiseless, steady, exhausting pressure with which sea power acts, cutting off the resources of the enemy while maintaining his own, supporting war in scenes where it does not appear itself, or appears only in the background, and striking open blows at rare intervals." Yet, even now, few Continental soldiers appear to realize the "influence of sea power upon history" during 1914-1918. Nevertheless, as the event recedes into the past,—as the big facts loom up, dwarfing to truer perspective the details once so conspicuous in the foreground, we see, ever more clearly, proof that Admiral Mahan was right in his famous summary: "In the last analysis, every great war is won by the power that controls the sea."

A sea state, then, exercises its power upon a land state in a highly special way. It besieges the enemy, cutting as many as possible of his lines of communication, and its power is effective directly in proportion to the completeness of that operation. Admiral Lord Wester Wemyss condensed the belligerent claim to one sentence, when he said in the House of Lords that:—"the power of the navy lies not in guns and torpedoes, but in the immemorial right of all belligerents to suppress entirely all those sea-borne supplies of the enemy on which that enemy's continued resistance must chiefly depend." In diametric opposition has been the traditional claim of the neutral, that he be free to continue trading, unmolested, with both belligerents in a war. Set these two claims, the belligerent and the neutral, beside each other and we at once perceive that the neutral claim invites a sea state to give away the principal means whereby its power is exercised! This is the historic disagreement between the United States and Great Britain. And this is the political problem, called the "freedom of the seas," which has so stubbornly resisted solution. The status of belligerent and neutral have been in irreconcilable opposition: yet neither of them is wrong: the dispute has been between parties both of whom are unanswerably right. Neither could concede what the other demanded.

The consequence, of course, has been that the law of the sea in wartime has been a mass of illogical compromises. Also that, during any particular war, the view of every government has been determined largely by its status at the moment. Every belligerent has naturally tried to stop all supplies to the enemy that he could reach; every neutral has of course done his best to keep open all the channels of his trade.

A further obvious consequence has been, that when, occasionally, some state, neutral at first, later takes part in a war, its views about these "rights" at sea are instantly and violently reversed. This change-over may be so sudden as to be really funny:—"I don't see how the Washington crowd can look at themselves in the mirror and keep their faces straight. Yesterday all the foundations of civilization would give way if neutral trade were interfered with, now nothing must go in." So wrote Walter H. Page in the summer of 1917. If you would get a laugh out of a very serious business, look up the conversation that May, between Mr. Frank Polk and Mr. (now Lord) Balfour.

Now these old sea-rules of war, slowly built up during about four hundred years, were all smashed up by the Great War. At least, that is how the matter looks to a layman: though the professional international lawyers tell you the "laws" were only "extended" and "reinterpreted." The practical effect was the same. The belligerents went back to first principles. For the Allied and Associated Powers abolished the whole of the enemy's overseas trade,—ruined his very credit by which his purchases might have been financed. Sea power found such a complete expression that, towards the end, navies were hardly necessary as its instruments; blockade became a genuinely "long-distance" operation, since it was merely a matter of not shipping the goods, and the mercantile marine of the whole world was owned or controlled by one side. Therefore that side won.

WHAT had happened? Why were the old familiar rules unworkable? Why did America, abandoning her own traditional principles, accept and extend, in 1917-18, methods of conducting war, against which she had vehemently protested from August, 1914, to April, 1917? There was more here than a mere change of status. It is vital that we understand why the old regulations about neutrality and contraband and the like disappeared during that life-and-death struggle, and why they can never return.

One and all, they were drawn up to fit world conditions that have passed away. Until less than a century ago, nearly all mankind lived in little "closed circuits." Everywhere, the fields grew what the nearest town ate; the town made tools and clothes for the neighboring farmers; surplus for export and requirements to be imported were alike trivial. But when transport by mechanical power began to make itself really effective by sea and land, the time occupied in a journey was rapidly reduced. A pair of compasses will speedily convince you that to travel six times as fast in a day is to increase the area of your "neighborhood" about thirty-six times. This scrap of elementary arithmetic had, of course, the effect of making all the little "closed circuits" expand and overlap, so that they were no longer closed. Within a single long lifetime, the world system has changed from a multitude of separate, self-supporting pools of human life, into one interdependent economic unit. The fact is familiar; we all of us buy from, or sell to, the ends of the earth. What is not, at first sight, so obvious, is that this modern, highly integrated, large-scale world, based on easy and rapid communications, has consigned the old war rules of the sea to the dust bin.

What happens when a modern state declares war? The whole population is brought into action, in one capacity or another. All must contribute to the general effort. Women take the men's jobs; invalids make munitions; children grow essential foodstuffs such as potatoes in the school gardens. If you would realize what modern war means in the administration of a modern state, read the new French law that is to be enforced upon the whole people of France should she ever be at war again. All of this is rendered possible only by modern methods of communication.

HOW does this affect our problem? To begin with, the once familiar distinction between combatant and non-combatant has vanished. One of the old rules used to be that foodstuffs intended for the civil population of the enemy should not, normally, be interfered with by blockade. But what, exactly, is now the "civil population?" Is there any answer to the statement of General Ludendorff that "the army and the nation are one": or to the parallel declaration of the British Foreign Office (Feb. 1915) that —"the reason for drawing a distinction between foodstuffs intended for the civil population and those for the armed forces or enemy government, disappears when the distinction between the civil population and the armed forces itself disappears." But this, of course, has rendered the term "contraband of war" meaningless. The war effort is so vast that almost all commodities are wanted.

Or take the classic American desire that private property ought to be immune from capture in a sea-war. How shall we define "private property" nowadays, during a war? Everywhere there are huge industrial concerns, employing many thousands of hands: once war is declared, the output of all such firms comes under state control,—the state directs the nature of their output. Are goods, so mass-produced for war, owner privately or by the state? Whose are they, if manufactured in a neutral country to the order of a belligerent, some private person being the consignee? If the American claim at the Hague Conferences (1899 and 1907) had won its way into International Law, could any Prize Court today give decisions on such points that should not only be "legal" but also sensible?

We are hard against the fact that the "war potential" (to use the technical jargon) of a state is its whole being. And this also is due to modern methods of communication.

But we have by no means exhausted the ways in which ease of transport has affected our problem. The rules of a technically "legal" blockade were drawn up (at Paris, in 1856) by men who were still thinking chiefly in terms of little wooden sailing-ships by sea, and of horses and carts by land. It is true that the era of steam had already begun, but its scale was still so small that it seemed rather unimportant to the "stick-and-string" admiralties of those days: still less did it condition, as it does now, the entire problem. For what use would it be to blockade (say) Hamburg, with Dutch and Danish neutral ports just around the corner (like Nassau and Matamoros during your Civil War), left free by the "law" to accept everything that had been diverted from Hamburg, and rush it all by rail or road transport straight across a strip of neutral territory to the real consignees?

One need not further labor the matter. The upshot of the argument is surely clear enough by now.

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by Alec Wilson

The old rules were unworkable owing to new conditions, and they have gone. How shall they ever return,—or any others like them?

For modern war is the life of the whole community, coördinated to the one object of "imposing its will" forcibly upon its enemy. In that vast effort, all attempts to differentiate between public and private, contraband and non-contraband, combatant and civilian, have become devoid of meaning: and (even if definition of them were technically possible) we have all been busy of late in declaring the objective of the whole war-effort to be an international crime; how shall we begin to denounce one part, and approve another part, of the same effort? Should we not be wasting our time?

Thus far, for simplicity's sake, as well as for historical accuracy—we have based our discussion on the fact that war was accepted as the *legitimate* way in which (to quote von Clausewitz) "one nation is able to impose its will upon another." We turn now to consider the post-war developments. The coming of the League of Nations profoundly modified the nature of the problem to be solved. The nations formed themselves into a ring, bound in a common code of good behavior to one another; the essential idea being the right of the whole group to insist that every member shall use the pacific means of settlement provided before entering upon any warlike operations. As one of the means to secure that end, the Covenant laid it down (Art. XVI) that "should any member of the League resort to war in disregard of its covenants, . . . it shall *ipso facto* be deemed to have committed an act of war against all the other members of the League, which hereby undertake immediately to subject it to the *severance of all trade or financial relations.*" But this, in plain English, is *blockade.* Blockade, moreover, as complete as that which has been described by the admirals we have quoted, and as drastic as that which was imposed by the victorious Powers (including America) upon Germany in 1917-18;—though with this vital difference, that the "blockade" would be lifted the moment the guilty party ceased his unlawful hostility. The dispute at issue is not to be settled by the blockade; that is left, as before to the pacific machinery set up for the purpose. It is blockade with a new purpose: to stop illegal actions, not to punish them or to enforce the views of either party upon the other. That is to say, it is police duty, on a new and larger scale.

SUPPOSE some state had flagrantly broken the Covenant at any date prior to August 27th, 1927, the day the "Kellogg Pact" was signed? Suppose the League "ban" had been called? By what means would Great Britain, a loyal member of the League, have brought her sea power to bear upon the culprit? If police action of this kind had been needed at sea, we were the only policeman that could swim. The Royal Navy would have been helping to bring the sea-commerce of the Covenant-breaker to a standstill. But that must have included commerce with the United States, and the United States was not in the ring of countries which owed this obligation to one another! And we knew very well that the American fleet, ever since 1916, has been a-building with the express object of making us keep our hands off your overseas trade.

Thus, one direct, though unforeseen, effect of the Covenant was to put us in a most awkward quandary. In such an emergency, might we have to break our pledge to the League, and allow essential supplies to sail through our fleet to the Covenant-breaker? Or should we have taken the risk of your protests, carried out our obligations, and perhaps had to defy you? Nobody knew. And nobody liked the prospect, who knew the history of Anglo-American disagreements upon this exact issue, "neutral" trade in wartime. Now? Well, thank God, now nobody will ever know what would have happened.

Because, meanwhile, America, though aloof, was thinking things over. Could America do with war what George Washington had wished for in 1795,—"see this plague of mankind banish'd from the Earth?" Your home-grown idea of the "outlawry of war" took hold of the public imagination in many lands. On the tenth anniversary of your entry into the Great War, M. Briand proposed a treaty with you, "renouncing war as an instrument of national policy." I do not believe it overstates the case to say that it was public opinion, first in your country and then in the others, that compelled governments to discuss, to negotiate, and in the end, to sign the pact.

IN this way, the United States became one of a ring of nations, wider than that in the League, who have entered into mutual obligations to one another. The obligations are, it is true, of a novel type. There are no "military alliances," no "foreign entanglements"—but pretty nearly all the world has entered in a Treaty to Keep the Peace, with you and with one another. Neither you nor the rest of us can escape trying to work out an answer to the question: "What is to happen if anybody breaks the pact?"

If the pact were ever to be successfully broken—if some nation were ever to gain its objective by using war as its instrument of national policy,—the document would be of no further value to mankind. So the nations have got to develop some plan by which, in the first place, to *prevent* any breach of it, and then, if that fails, to prevent any pact-breaker from *reaping the least advantage* from his unlawful act. Necessarily, such preventive action must be joint action,—while, on the other hand, any plan must be based on the fact that the United States is not in the League, and perhaps never will be. These are the limits within which debate is possible.

Mr. Herbert Hoover now comes on the scene. Do we see your president aright from this side of the Atlantic? An engineer, with little or no party political background to him; a Quaker, with all a Quaker's hatred of war; a man with a tremendous reputation for getting things done, in the outside world as well as at home? Such a man, in executive office, seems likely to put first things first, and to ignore factors which he cannot personally influence.

We have therefore admired, without surprise, his quick, decisive actions since he reached office in March. Not even a President of the United States can directly influence the number of trained reserves in the French army: so items like that must be set aside. But Presidential negotiations abroad may modify the size, and the number, and the duty of American warships. Hence we rejoiced when his spokesman, Mr. Hugh Gibson appeared so promptly at Geneva, and went straight for the main issue. Basing his case squarely upon the peace pact, he selects the naval part of the disarmament problem, and broadcasts a pregnant question:—"Let us ask ourselves honestly what these establishments are for."

On October 9th, came the eagerly-awaited joint statement by the two heads of the English-speaking world. One seemed to see the hinges of history in the very act of moving. It will be long before this document is exhausted of interest: here we need only extract two short passages for comment:—

> During the last few days, we have had an opportunity to discuss some of the more important means by which the moral force of our countries can be exerted for Peace.

But moral force exerted for peace is plainly not compatible with material aid given to a peace-breaker.

Again:—

> We approach the old historical problems from a new angle and in a new atmosphere. . . . These problems have changed their meaning and character, and their solution in ways satisfactory to both countries has become possible.

What are these "historical problems?" Chiefly those with which this essay is concerned. What is the new atmosphere? That created by the Pact, sequel, and complement to the Covenant. As the London *Times* said editorially, the responsible departments in Whitehall and Washington are now about "to explore and to measure the obsolescence of contending principles that have *quietly come adrift from reality.*"

What sort of new sea-laws are now in the shaping, to fit the new world conditions?

Is the "yardstick" a "steel-yard," or is it made of elastic? Either way, what is it? If it is to give us "parity," by an algebraic formula, what, exactly does "parity" mean? We are told, over here, that among you, though one should speak with the tongues of men and angels, and have not parity, one's voice would be as sounding brass and as a tinkling cymbal. Yet, if two navies be identical, ton for ton, gun for gun, ship for ship, to the last rivet,—is that parity? Not unless they make a contract to fight each other just half-way between their respective bases, because a navy two or three thousand miles from its store-sheds and repairshops has quite a different fighting value from the same navy just outside its own dock-gates. So we think your demand for a mathematical "parity" has been an understandable effort to be rid of an "inferiority complex"; but our inborn seafaring instinct tells us that "parity" in the strategy of a sea-war is a myth. Under any given set of conditions, one side or the other will be locally the stronger.

That is why the London *Times* has felt able to write on August 27th:—

> By the interpretation which it [U. S. A.] places upon the document [the Pact of Peace] it will furnish a new "yardstick" to which the function and not merely the composition of the principal fleets may be referred, and to measure co-operative rather than combative power.

—a passage which is a happy echo of Mr. Hugh Gibson at Geneva in April:—

> We need no exact balance of ships and guns, which can be based only on the idea of conflict, . . . What is really wanted is a commonsense agreement, based on the idea that we are going to be friends and settle our problems by peaceful means.

And both quotations fit the views expressed last winter by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald:—

> If the Kellogg Pact means anything, it means that there is to be no more war, except in so far as nations, bound to preserve peace and settle disputes by other than military means, have to combine to curb a mad dog. It is inconceivable that the United States and ourselves should be on opposite sides in such an event: therefore all the barriers to a free ocean highway have been thrown down.

Every ship of our Royal Navy holds a little Divine Service every day, during which the ship's company prays that it:—"may be for a security to all such as pass upon the seas on their lawful occasions." When that old prayer was written, men were thinking of pirates, breakers of the law whose acts had made them, in the ancient phrase, *hostes humani generis.* We of this generation mean to expand that same prayer to a new and larger meaning. Sea power shall be made a security for all such as pass upon the seas on their lawful occasions,—but the law shall *include the new world-laws of peace, the Covenant, and the Pact.* But sea power shall not shelter, it shall restrain, any Nation that may outlaw itself, declaring itself a pirate nation, *hostis humani generis,* by breaking those world-laws that it has signed.

The method by which sea power can be used to keep the peace ought now to be plain to the reader. There need be no battles, no bloodshed,—only the old, old sea-method of cutting off supplies; and this only just so long as the law of peace is being broken, not an hour longer. Warships would be needed, but not very many of them: nobody would need the giant fleets with which we menace each other today. Because effective sea power consists largely of the merchant marine, of which, together, we own pretty nearly two-thirds, as well as owning or controlling a large part of the supplies essential to mankind alike for peace or war.

We can, if we will, shift Admiral Mahan's argument from 1890 to 1930, without changing its content; and paraphrase him:—"in the last analysis, all war can be prevented by the powers that control the sea."

James Stephens once wrote that:—"the past is not so far behind us as we could wish. It is more often in front, and the future trips over it just as we think the road is clear."

A year or so ago, everybody was talking about the "unthinkable" Anglo-American War. Is a common sense joint system of peace, such as we are here considering, also "unthinkable?" There are certainly obstacles in the way.

(*Continued on page* 643)

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George Edward Woodberry

By Louis Ledoux

Author of "George Edward Woodberry: A Study of His Poetry"

TO some the death of George Edward Woodberry will seem the passing of the last great New Englander of the schools of Emerson and Lowell, the ultimate falling to silence of echoed music of the Victorian age. To others who, perhaps, have studied his work more closely or loved it through longer years, Mr. Woodberry means more than that; for blended with the New Englandism of his heredity were the passion and color of the South,—the Mediterranean world, and the thoughts that underlay much of the poetry of his middle years were those that the modernists call modern. There were trumpets in the music that has ceased, —trumpets that called to the future, and there were harmonies and discords unknown to the Victorian age; but even when Mr. Woodberry's thought is most advanced he remains clearly conscious of all the past, and the manner in which he expresses his thought is of the great literary tradition, not antagonistic to it. Mr. Woodberry wrote some superb sonnets, love lyrics of exquisite grace and tenderness, blank verse that may be great poetry and certainly is great rhetoric; he was a profound thinker whose thoughts were positive and constructive rather than negative and subversive; and even when he was writing poems that were philosophic or fourth-dimensional or ultra-democratic he never lacked the technical ability to be simple and to clothe what he had to say in beauty of form and beauty of phrase; his style remained aristocratic, classical, finely wrought. If noble thoughts expressed in noble language make poetry he was a true poet; and there is scarcely a poem of his that does not glow with color or throb with passion,—passion that is ideal rather than sensual, and human with the humanity of idealistic youth. It is but rarely that intellect and emotion have been so blended in poetry, or that verse of such heavy content has been so felicitous. There are many lines with magic in them, many that linger in memory.

The personal aloofness that kept Mr. Woodberry somewhat "private in life's crowd" has helped to prevent his verse from being widely known as yet to the general public. He allowed the two earlier of the three volumes in which his separate poems or groups of poems were collected to remain out of print, and the smaller books from which the collected volumes were made have become so scarce that they seldom appear in rare-book catalogues and are almost impossible to find in the stalls of street shops. His first book of verse "The North Shore Watch" was privately printed in a subscription edition of two hundred copies in 1883; his last, "The Roamer and Other Poems," which includes in its collection of his later work that lovely sonnet sequence "Ideal Passion" (1917) was published in 1920. Between these came the collection called "Poems," (1903) which contained among other things the exquisite lyrics first grouped under the title of "Wild Eden" in a very scarce little volume of 1899, and a second collected volume entitled "The Flight and Other Poems."

Mr. Woodberry's monument in prose is better known and more readily accessible; for while a number of the separate books may still be obtained the great bulk of his finest literary criticism was reprinted not long ago in a six-volume collected edition. This set contains all his more notable essays, reprinting in its entirety "The Heart of Man" volume with its colorful description of Taormina and that "Defense of Poetry" which has been said to contain the most nobly impassioned English prose since Shelley's treatment of the same theme; as well as "The Torch," "The Appreciation of Literature" and "Great Writers," and "The Inspiration of Poetry." As a critic or appreciator with historical perspective, profound scholarship, broad human sympathies, and luminous insight Mr. Woodberry is at his finest in these volumes. His criticism is based largely on his constant apprehension of the race-mind, the passing on of the Torch from Greece to Rome, from Rome to the Italian Renaissance, from Italy to England. He loves to dwell on the cumulative power of ideas, the overtones that vibrate about words long used in literature and life,—as, for example, the noun "Rose" which has become more than a botanical term and has for ears sensitively attuned overtones of color and romance that remain unnoticed by those of duller perception and less assimilated education. His own perspective is timeless, almost completely delocalized and world-wide, if such a term may still be used of anything that ignores Japan, China, and those phases of Indian thought that failed to filter into Europe through Greece. Mr. Woodberry's spiritual journeys, like his physical ones, never carried him farther eastward from the Mediterranean than the plain of Troy, farther southward than the oases of the desert.

Of the prose works not included in the collected volumes the most notable are the lives of Emerson, Hawthorne, and Poe, and a fascinating account of one of his wanderings which appeared under the title of "North Africa and the Desert" and should be read in connection with the fourth-dimensional poems of his African experiences in "The Flight." One who supports himself through a long life mainly by literature must, of necessity, do a certain amount of editing, and Mr. Woodberry is no exception to this rule. We are not, however, attempting to compile a bibliography and will merely mention in passing that the most important of his editorial work has been in connection with Shelley, his own favorite poet; though one suspects that when he read merely for pleasure he turned almost as often to Vergil and Petrarch and Dante.

Little need be said of Mr. Woodberry's external life. He was born on May 12, 1855 in the gray old house of his ancestors at Beverly, Massachusetts, a town that was founded by John and William Woodberry who moved over from Salem about 1630, and after their new settlement had grown a little, petitioned unavailingly to have the name changed for reasons of which "the first is the great dislike and discontent of our people for this name of Beverly, because (we being but a small place) it has caused on us a constant nickname of Beggarly, being in the mouth of many." They seem to have been a sturdy and a godly lot, these old Woodberrys—men who were founders of churches and in their daily lives had to do with the sea, building ships and trading; but men who were ready to drop all things to fight and die for their country whenever the need came. They were Americans in the best sense of the word; and the poet seems to have come naturally by his propensity for independent thought and action, for one of his kin, Deacon Woodberry, in the old witch-hunting days when Deacons as a class were neither humane nor humorous, would learn through his position in the Church against whom accusations of witchcraft were about to be launched, and then convey the poor women secretly to his farm in New Hampshire where a whole rocking-chair brigade of them were housed and fed as his guests, while the Deacon himself sat solemnly listening to the fellow-members of his congregation discussing the appalling prescience of the Devil in spiriting away his own.

After school-years at Exeter and graduation from Harvard, where Lowell and Charles Eliot Norton had discerned the promise of the lad, Mr. Woodberry went out to teach for awhile in the University of Nebraska, there beginning to gather about him those followers young and old whose devotion has been lifelong and whose numbers have increased with the years. It was his quick sympathy with youth and youth's aspirations that made him loved. In 1891 he was called to Columbia University where he remained for more than a decade, founding and conducting the department of Comparative Literature and winning to himself the hearts of many. Mr. Woodberry's two academic experiences seem to have left a strong and indelible impression on those who came under his sway. For years there has been a Woodberry Society which has attempted to foster his ideals in that American democracy which has become so sadly different from that for which he had hoped. Except for these two episodes of teaching and occasional lectures at the Lowell Institute or elsewhere, Mr. Woodberry's life has been passed mainly in the quiet seclusion of his home, writing books or in solitary wanderings about that Mediterranean world he loved so greatly and in which he made friends of the lowly. There will be mourning for him in Sicily.

No attempt can be made here to assign Mr. Woodberry his place among American men of letters or in the wider field of English literature. Of the value of his splendid critical essays with their intellect, their scholarship, their quick insights, their human sympathies, and their style, there can be little question. His poetry would be harder to appraise, and contemporary judgments of poetry are peculiarly likely to be wrong. We do not say that Mr. Woodberry was a "great" poet;—the word has become abhorrent from "being in the mouths of many" and applied to many; nor do we say that he was not great. What he wrote in verse rings true by most tests except that of time, which cannot yet be applied; it was the part of his life for which he himself cared most, and it has about it that nobility of thought and phrase, that complete unconcern with contemporary fashion and opinion, that foundation in the eternal verities, and that intensity of devotion to the ideal which are apt to be characteristics of the poetry that endures. We believe that when all of his poetry becomes once more accessible, or better yet, a volume of selections is issued, for his verse is rather variable in quality, it will be a happy discovery to many who have not yet known his work; and if the writer of this appreciation may turn for a moment to speak for himself alone, he would say that the poetry of George Edward Woodberry has seemed to him to have the soul of greatness in it, and to be nobler, richer, truer than such work can be and yet remain unworthy of some place in the enduring heaven of English song. He moved on a different plane from most of those who write.

Mr. Woodberry's philosophy could be classed broadly as Platonic idealism, and in his poems the solution of life's problems is found to be the Shelleyean one of love, but love that moves to a Franciscan and ultra-democratic realization in action that is not in Shelley, nor of the cold New England world. But at the close of this memorial we would turn from the man's philosophy as from his work to remember a personality so strong, so winning that it drew to him ever the heart of youth and, guided with its friending the feet of youth to tread only in the paths of honor. This also will endure for a time; and even though the creative spirit must pass with the body out into the void,—

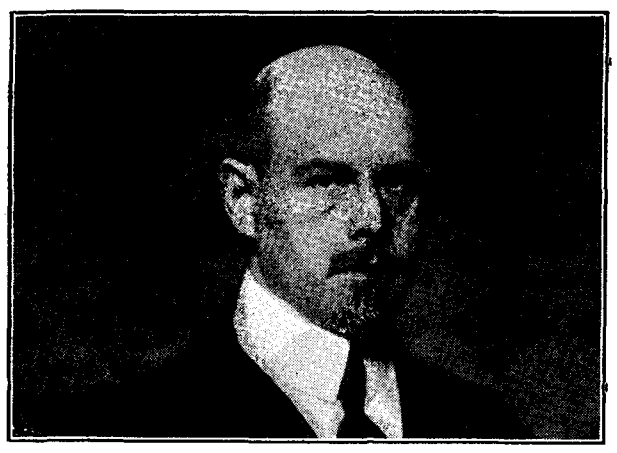
The wild swan unreturning,
The eagle alone with the sun,
The long-winged storm gull burning
Seaward when day is done;

the life that is ended has been one of achievement, an influence that will remain.

The following extract from a poem written many years ago by Mr. Woodberry has special applicability at a moment when the League of Nations is celebrating the tenth anniversary of its existence and a disarmament conference is in the immediate future:

Law, justice, liberty,—great gifts are these;
Watch that they spread where English blood is spilt,
Lest, mixed and sullied with his country's guilt,
The soldier's life-stream flow, and Heaven displease!
Two swords there are: one naked, apt to smite,
Thy blade of war; and, battle-storied, one
Rejoices in the sheath, and hides from light.
American I am; would wars were done!
Now westward, look, my country bids good-night,—
Peace to the world from ports without a gun!

The National Laboratory of Psychical Research in London contains several thousand volumes dealing with mystery and deception from 1450 until the present day. It contains such subject headings as Ecstasy, Prodigies, Divination, Vampirism, etc.



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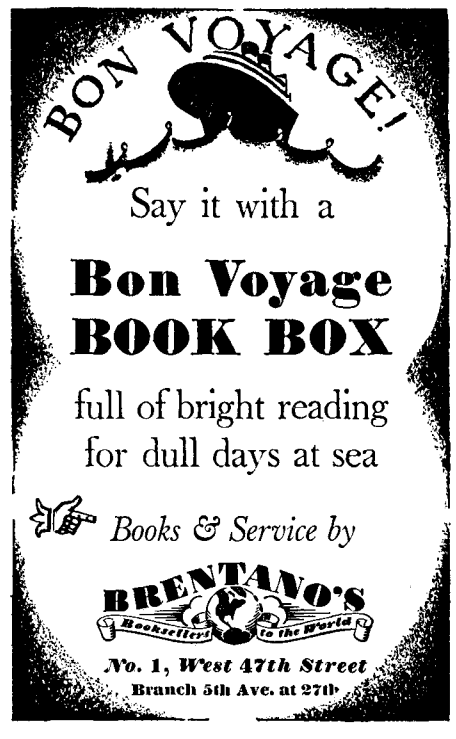

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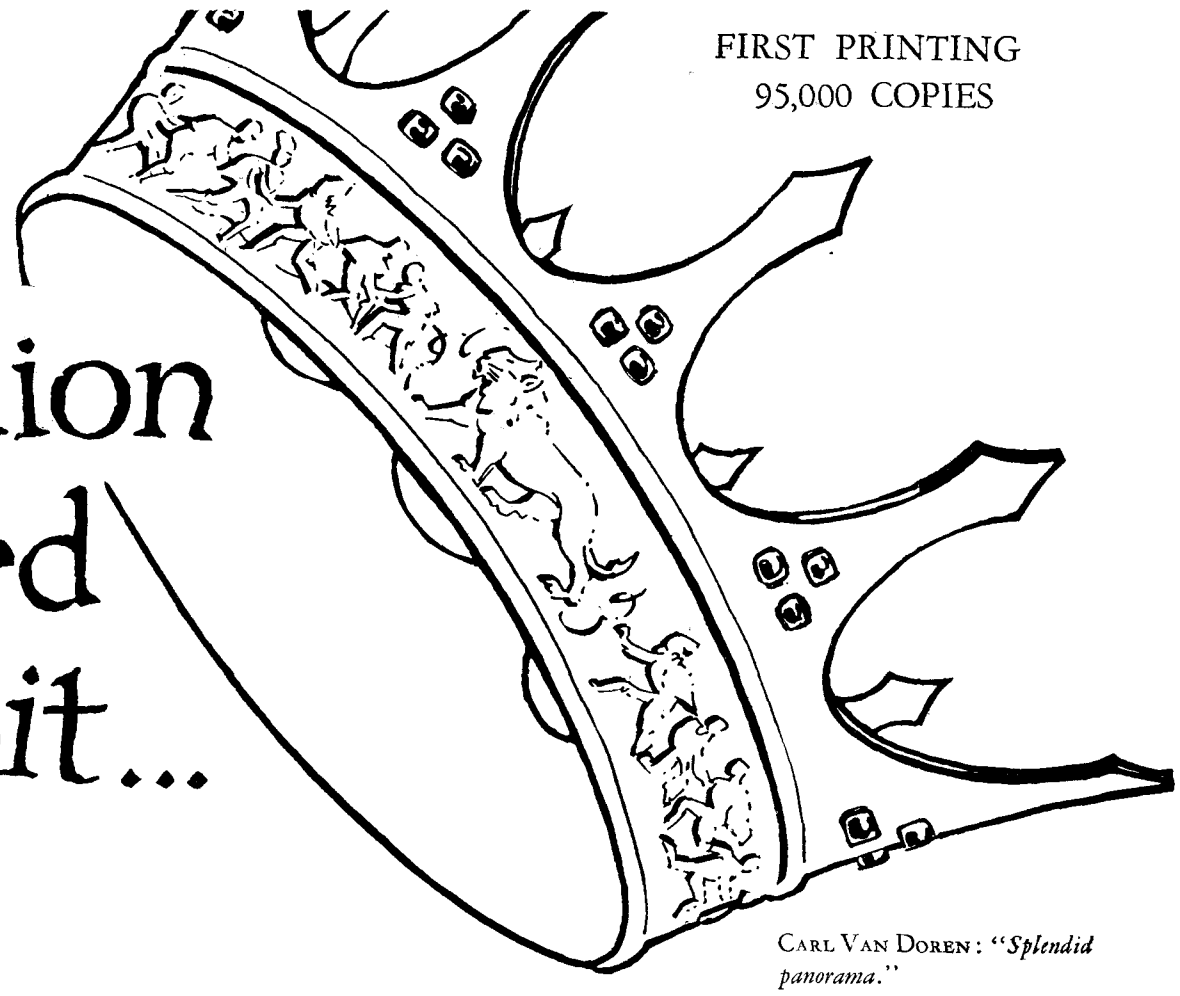
The old lion had died in his pit...



FOR over a year the city of Florence had been without one of its symbols. But now the good Christian King of the French was sending a gift to the Republic of Florence. Three carts, one containing the covered cage of the lion, had arrived at the walls of the city. Now the green trees, the sight of the hills and fresh raw meat had quickly revived the beast. Now he roared. And his jungle cries were heard far inside the walls of Florence.

That night toward the lion's pit to see the sport came a goldsmith's apprentice passing gaily by the black old castle whose moat was once filled with corpses. Cruel Florence, gay Florence, flower of the Renaissance. Somewhere there behind old gray walls, the apprentice knew, was Donata, young and lovely. Donata, whose father had vanished so mysteriously on Rome. The boy knew her strange story and it stirred his heart . . .

Into the shop of his master, the goldsmith Cappini, came the Count de Senlis —carelessly, indifferently he asked "did you ever make a crown for a king?" The apprentice pricked up his ears. The Count said he was attached to the court of Francis—and what he needed was a coronet for occasions of state—a coronet for himself. "The Count drew from his purse a little bag of jewels and spread them on the table before the goldsmith. . . . 'I will set to work at once,' said old Cappini . . ."

As the Count departed he drew back from a wild-looking foreigner loaded with gold chains who had entered. Merchants with the man explained his mission. He was a Russian Prince who had broken his silver whip—a fine whip he said, even when broken. "See!" he gestured, and lashed fiercely at one of his cowering servants . . .

The apprentice listened and learned. He burned for wealth, he longed for Donata. Too low in station to approach her in public he stole by night to her window. She repulsed him. But he overrode all obstacles. Wealth became his — then Donata, unresisting, but silent . . .

All his heart desired he gained. Florence honored him. Yet through the years he lusted above all to possess the coronet Cappini had made. With fierce persistence he sent finally to France to buy it from the Count who had entered a monastery. Two greedy friars came back with the message: "It is buried." The old Count had felt its evil influence and sworn the monks to seal it in the tomb with him . . .

Napoleon was cutting his red swathe across Europe. In the little French town of Senlis a scavenger cleaning out the old monastery tombs found a dirt encrusted piece of metal. For a mug of beer he sold it to the blacksmith who sold it to the jeweler. Once more the coronet began to cast its spell over those into whose hands it fell. The crown and the silver whip were once more to cross each others' path, this time with strange results.

And the story has hardly begun! Against a flashing, throbbing background of history, whip and coronet play their parts. Napoleon retreats with shattered armies from Moscow. Chopin dies in Paris fingering a few grains of soil from his beloved Poland. Balzac achieves the glory of his life by marrying into Russian nobility. And round their lives plays the drama of the silver whip and the coronet. Here is no ordinary novel to read today and forget tomorrow. Here is literature, history, character and a mighty drama of centuries.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Fiction

DESTROYING VICTOR. By CARLETON BEALS. Macaulay. 1929. $2.50.

The contrasts in "Destroying Victor" are rather too sharp to be quite convincing. Mr. Beals writes of a professor in a California university who goes on a tear with a French actress, gets embroiled in a murder and finds himself in jail, edits a two-for-a-cent radical newspaper, consorts with sleazy prostitutes—but who Makes Good in the end, albeit rather breathlessly. The chapters dealing with the incidents at the university have an ironic undertone that is agreeably biting, and the low-life scenes are piquant. We have the feeling that individual episodes are much better than the novel as a whole. Fundamentally, this feeling is due to the fact that the professor's character does not develop; it merely changes.

POLLYANNA'S WESTERN ADVENTURE. By HARRIET LUMMIS SMITH. Page. 1929. $2.

Pollyanna goes west in this latest, and the sixth, of her incarnations. But west or east, life is pretty much the same for Pollyanna. She continues to be glad herself and to make glad all around her. When she goes to her lonely ranch house with her young husband, her friends mourn her as one lost to life and happiness. But they reckon without their heroine. Pollyanna makes the ranch to blossom both physically and spiritually and has her finger in the sundry match-making plots that all turn out well. Everything is suitably arranged to make the readers of these glad books glad once again.

TROUSERS OF TAFFETA. By MARGARET WILSON. Harpers. 1929. $2.

In pleasing contrast to some of the more unpleasant books about India, is this charming novel of the domestic life of Indian women by a medical missionary. Moslem women evidently have a happier time than Hindu, as their religion and customs are not so oppressive. The main theme is the overwhelming importance of childbearing to all Orientals, to the practical exclusion of all other interests. The joys and sorrows of harem life are depicted with a master hand and it is fair to take this as an accurate sample of the better class homes of Mohammedan, Northwestern India, though not of the Hindu provinces of the center and south.

ADVENTURES OF BLACKSHIRT. By BRUCE GRAEME. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2.

We have met the debonair Blackshirt, gentleman burglar and safe buster, in two previous novels. His exploits here consist in robbing a London nobleman's dance guests of their jewels, then giving the whole booty back to a member of the party, a young girl whose loss of her baubles has caused her serious trouble, and later, when the loot has been in turn stolen from her, adopting the detective's role in order to retrieve the property and thus absolve her from suspicion of the theft. The story is not superior to the average thriller.

History

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE. VOL. IV. BRITISH INDIA. 1497-1858. Edited by H. H. DODWELL. Macmillan. 1929. $8.

The commercial revolution caused by the discovery of the route around the Cape of Good Hope to India caused the decay of Egypt, Turkey, Venice, and many central European cities, while it assisted in the rise to empire of Portugal, Holland, and England. The eminent authors of the various sections of this book have not confined themselves to the dry historical narrative, but have shown how these processes operated, and what their effects were on India. The varying fortunes of the Portugese, Dutch, French, and British are discussed, and commerce and administration are adequately treated as well as politics. The evidence of disputed matters, like the government of Warren Hastings, is weighed in a dispassionate manner, and careful and critical investigation is always manifest.

Most of the space is inevitably devoted to the policies of the British East India Company, and the volume ends just before the transfer of authority to the British Crown. We find here much material which is not readily accessible elsewhere, and few readers will care for fuller details. The volume is suited to those who really wish to inform themselves about the subject, but the style is not popular enough to attract the casual reader. It is, however, most satisfactory to the student of history and of the growing science of world economics.

International

THE NATIONALIST PROGRAM FOR CHINA. By CHAO-CHU WU. Yale University Press. 1929. $1.50.

The political ideals of the Nationalist Party, now in control of the Central Government of China, are skilfully presented by the Chinese Minister to the United States, former Minister of Foreign Affairs of China, in an amplification of his lectures at the Williamstown Institute of Politics. Naturally, the most favorable features are stressed and all difficulties are ignored. He answers the inevitable question why China does not reform the judicial administration, as Japan and other countries have done, before demanding that all foreigners should be subject to Chinese courts, by the usual evasion of the direct issue. Some of the statements of fact, especially in regard to the Japanese, might be questioned.

The statements are clear, logical, and admirably expressed and should be read by those who wish to hear the Chinese side of the questions which are now to be debated between the new American Minister to China and the Nationalists.

Juvenile

THE REAL PICTURE BOOK. Rand McNally. 1929.

Here is a volume compiled from a number of others, containing illustrations on one side of the page and text on the other drawn from these several sources, which is a gay compendium, and should prove a diverting book for youngsters.

TODAY'S A B C BOOK. By ELIZABETH KING. McBride. 1929. $1.50.

In gay colors and with simple lines this volume presents some of the principal vehicles of modern times, aeroplanes (and hangars), cabs, iceboats, zeppelins, etc. Opposite the bold designs which stand out vigorously against a lavish page of white are brief explanations of the objects pictured.

THE WONDERFUL STORY OF SCIENCE. By INEZ N. MCFEE. Crowell. 1929. $2.50.

This is a delightful and absorbing book, and the mystery story must be a thriller indeed to be able to entice one away from it. For here are thrills and wonders in plenty, and presented in a most readable and untechnical manner.

To put into one, not over large, volume the story of seven different sciences in a way that is neither superficial nor just a recital of facts means surmounting tremendous difficulties. Miss McFee, however, has written with such clarity and apparent ease that we feel as though she were actually present talking to a group of young people and answering their questions. The book has many interesting and helpful illustrations and ought to receive a warm welcome not only from young people, for whom it was especially written, but also from those of any age eager to gain knowledge.

ROSEEN. By ANNE CASSERLEY. Harpers. 1929. $1.50.

Surely there is magic in an Irish hillside! Roseen, the little black pig lives on the side of one and finds herself involved in fairies' business. Accidently, of course; and her first pride turns to consternation for she finds them unconventional and unpredictable creatures. Roseen loves comfort, though she has a romantic soul. This leads her, occasionally, into uncomfortable situations, the fairies' dance for instance, and again, when a wandering pigeon tells her about the land across the sea where the sun always shines and where there are the most wonderful fruits and flowers for all who come. On this recommendation Roseen starts out with a friend. They are fortunately overtaken by a storm. They lose their way and at last after great hardship, they stumble upon the cosiest little cottage, which, upon examination, proves to be Roseen's own!

There are other charming creatures in these little stories such as the Clog-maker's Wife and the Kerry Cow and her Calf. Miss Casserley knows how to take full advantage of the rich mine of Irish folk-legend which is the source of her work. Her illustrations, however, are not up to her story telling and add very little to the effect.

LOVE COMES RIDING. Collected by HELEN FERRIS. Harcourt, Brace. 1929. $2.50.

Any book with which Helen Ferris has to do will be worth considering, for it will be not only worth a girl's reading but what she likes to read. In "Love Comes Riding" is a baker's dozen of stories from the pens of as many highly regarded writers—Stevenson and Hardy, Katharine Mansfield, R. H. Davis, Eleanor Farjeon, Alexander Pcushkin, to name a few. Not all are, as the title would indicate, love stories in the strictest sense, but they are stories of love, and they are sufficiently varied to suit almost any girl. It is to be hoped that Miss Ferris will make more stories like these easily available to girls. They are the best possible andidote to the *Heart Throbs* and *True Stories* of the newsstand.

THROUGH THE CHURCH SCHOOL DOOR. By NELL I. MINOR and EMILY F. BRYANT. Abingdon. 1929. $2.

"A source book for teachers for use with children between the ages of three and nine in the church school, the vacation school, and the home," was the object of Miss Minor and Miss Bryant in writing and preparing this book, and the authors have had the practical experience in addition to training which enables them to speak with authority. Especially helpful are their ideas in regard to the conduct of classes, and in bringing out the values that should be sought for and stressed in the development of the expressional activity of the children. The ideas for games are good and clearly described. Many of the designs for hand work also are excellent, though some seem too difficult even for the nine-year-old without a good deal of aid from the teacher. Most people dealing with children will, however, know how to choose those things which are suited to their ages and individual talents of their pupils, and the authors themselves have issued a warning of the "train of evils" which too difficult hand work can bring in its wake.

The publishers have given the book a good format and the price is very moderate in consideration of its value.

THE THREE MUSKETEERS. By *Alexander Dumas*. Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

DAVID AND THE BEAR MAN. By *Margaret Ashmun*. Macmillan. $2.

COCKATOO. By *Gladys Hasty Carroll*. Macmillan. $2.

THE PIRATE OF THE GULF. By *Rupert Sargent Collin*. Lippincott. $2.

GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT

BY ROBERT GRAVES

Poet—Soldier—Author of "Lawrence and the Arabs."

This is the first book in which the war has been written about with frankness from the English point of view, and it is full of startling revelations about men who are important to literature as well as to history. In addition, it is the accurate and unembarrassed autobiography of the man who has written more good poetry than any living Englishman under forty. "This is the story of a fine man finely told. It is also by inference the indictment of a civilizaton which, having done its best to maim the soul of a man of genius, next sought to blow him to pieces soul and all, and finished by trying to starve him out." —ROBERT NICHOLS in *The Listener, London.* Just published. *Illustrated,* 3.00.

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Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE holidays were a bit too much for us and involved so much entertainment as well as work of various kinds that this department has been omitted for two issues. We now reappear in a mood of New Year's resolutions. The first resolution that we are going to make—and keep—is to clear our desk of a certain accumulation of small books of poetry, with passing comment upon a few of the better books we have neglected. Next we shall endeavor to a larger extent and to better purpose to keep abreast of the many books of poetry that appear steadily to stream from the presses.

Let us see what we find before us. In the first place we do not believe that this journal has paid sufficient attention to two recent books of poems by two of the most promising younger women poets of America. We refer to Louise Bogan and Léonie Adams. Miss Bogan's "Dark Summer," her second eclectic volume, appeared last September through Charles Scribner's Sons. Miss Adams's "High Falcon" was published in October by the John Day Company. It is half a dozen years since Miss Bogan's first volume. She is of New England stock, of Irish-American parents. She is now married to another poet, Raymond Holden, and lives on a small farm in upper Eastern New York State. Miss Adams has not put forth a second book during the four years following the appearance of "Those Not Elect." She is now abroad on a Guggenheim Fellowship. The poetry of both women has frequently appeared in *The New Republic*, to which Miss Bogan has also contributed book and other criticism. Both poets are precisians. They both preserve a distinguished reticence. Theirs is an aristocracy of the mind. They manage phrase and epithet with delicacy and deeply respect their art.

It is interesting to set against these two books two others by poets now almost of another generation, namely, Eunice Tietjens and Witter Bynner, whose books of last August, "Leaves in Windy Weather" and "Indian Earth," both published by Knopf, follow a number of former volumes by each. Mr. Bynner has written the more voluminously. In his latest volume the longest section is inspired by the region around Lake Chapala in Mexico. Mrs. Tietjens draws a small section of hers from the Orient, which she loves. In both volumes we find a more direct manner of statement and, particularly in the work of Mrs. Tietjens, an emotional quality less astringently restrained than in the work of the two younger women poets—and this is not to forget the impressiveness of Miss Bogan's longest poem, "The Flume." Less a meticulous artist than Miss Bogan or Miss Adams, Mrs. Tietjens is often effectively vigorous. Her impatience with words, in the face of emotional experience, is her artistic handicap. She puts this well, herself, in her opening poem:

QUERY

Oh, is there any use then
In putting words together,
Words as hard to manage
As leaves in windy weather?

And is there *any use then*
In marking where they fall,
Words that fly apart again
In no time at all?

Neither Miss Bogan nor Miss Adams would have written thus. Their ears are so finely attuned to the clang-tint and their inner vision to the mold of words, their minds so absorbed often in the abstruse, that the most sensitive expression sometimes misses translating that they are inclined to eschew simple, emotional statement. Particularly is this true of Miss Adams. We should say, offhand, that two of her gods have been (if they are not now) Gerard Manly Hopkins and the later Yeats. Miss Bogan, in "Dark Summer," is never as abstruse as Miss Adams can be in "High Falcon." Miss Adams's temper is perhaps as well expressed, as anywhere in her book, in these two verses:

It was decoyed
But cannot change.
Its wing with beating lonely air,
Its beak with tasting wilderness berry,
Its look and lovely flight are strange.

What lover sullen,
What love all paltering,
Possesses the gold bough of heaven,
Or who loving
Beset the royal wandering thing?

This also instances the fact that Miss Adams is the most musical of these three women poets, though Miss Bogan strikes one as having had the deeper experience of life. As for Mrs. Tietjens and Mr. Bynner, they are less subtle, though occasionally an aphorism of theirs shows how deeply they have thought and felt. They belong, however, to the days when there was more of the *cri de cœur* in poetry and more description with direct implication. Two books in an older manner, two books in a newer. So far as craftsmanship goes, the two younger women excel their elders, certainly. But an eventual winnowing of all the poetry, in numbers of volumes that Mrs. Tietjens and Mr. Bynner have produced, will make two small books of distinction.

In passing, we wish to comment on two volumes by two Canadians. Bliss Carman died recently, and his "Sanctuary" sonnets which he wrote at the home of Dr. Morris Lee King and Mrs. Mary Perry King, in New Canaan, Connecticut, appeared last November through Dodd, Mead. The book bears a prefatory note by Padraic Colum, also a resident of New Canaan, and illustrations by another resident, Whitman Bailey. Years ago Carman had done his best work; in fact, to our way of thinking, his best work is to be found in those most enjoyable Vagabondia books which he did with the late Richard Hovey. These sonnets are old-fashioned poetry, simple and tranquil. Their value is not extreme. Carman is remembered by his later friends as a fine and lovable character, however, and his best work—not to be found here—has for years been treasured in anthologies.

Rolfe Humphries, whose "Europa and Other Poems and Sonnets" Crosby Gaige issued in 1928, has been too little appreciated. His sonnets are particularly original. He is satiric, ironic, sinewy, essentially masculine. The "poison-bitter, amber-yellow eye" of his eagle, the head that he calls "a bony noggin," his "Words to Be Flung Up a Stairway," his "Hard Wood Woman," all testify to a personal idiom that is often effective.

Countee Cullen is the best of the younger negro poets. We have always felt that his workmanship lacked finish, though occasional stanzas are remarkable. What relative of his, we wonder, is the Charles Cullen who illustrates this new book ("The Black Christ." Harper & Brothers, 1929) as he has illustrated others of Countee Cullen's? Charles Cullen has interesting, definite, highly personal draughtsmanship. Some of his drawings are also poetry. Countee Cullen's longest and most ambitious poem in this new book of his is "The Black Christ." To our mind he is more successful when he is more brief. One desire of his with which we sympathize is expressed in "To Certain Critics." He has never wished to write poetry solely as a colored man. He desires to be judged as a poet in the great English tradition, and there is no reason, certainly, why he should not be. It is fundamentally a foolish attitude that parades the work of any poet because of some interesting but extraneous fact of his life. Editors will do it because people like extraneous things about writers. But what fundamentally matters about Cullen is that he has control of the mechanics of verse, sincerity of utterance, a sense of the dramatic, and an ability to express the emotions of his heart. Judged by the highest standards of poetry he has yet his spurs to win. He has proved a portent, but the final discipline which makes for the highest art has not yet grasped him.

Margaret McGovern's "The Lost Year" is another case in point. Rollo Walter Brown introduces it for Coward-McCann. (It was published last September.) He calls our attention to the fact that Miss McGovern never went beyond the eighth grade in the public schools and earns her living by being a waitress. It is well, indeed, to know that her desire for matters of the spirit, through poetry, has enabled her to surmount much painful experience; but for all that we must judge her work by her simple ability to write, by the words as they stand on the page. Judged thus, her verses are promise merely—so far. They convey temperament and individuality; but, though they convince us of the integrity of her vision of life, they do not seem to us as remarkable as they have evidently seemed to her publishers. However, we shall look for more from her. She is well worth watching.

Recommended:

EUROPA. By ROLFE HUMPHRIES. New York: Crosby Gaige. 1928.

LEDA. By ALDOUS HUXLEY. Doubleday, Doran: Department of Rare Editions. 1929.

SAILOR WITH BANJO. By HAMISH MACLAREN. The Macmillan Company. 1929.

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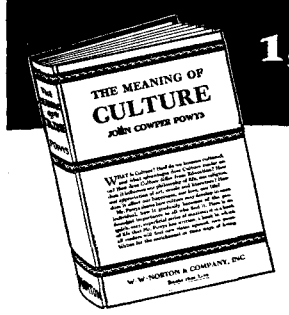

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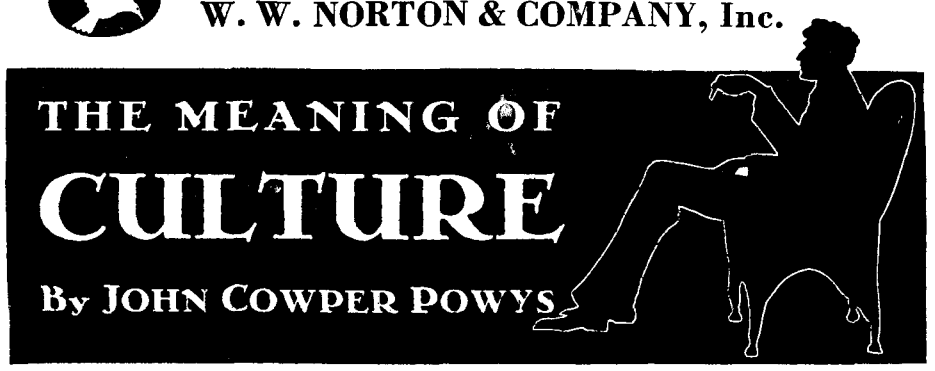

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Points of View

Our Ignorance

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I was interested to see that the review of my novel, "The World's Delight," published in your issue of December 28, was a reprint of a review by E. M. Benson, published in the New York *Evening Post* of September 14.

My impression has always been that the *Saturday Review of Literature* published only original contributions. Feeling sure that the editors were not aware that this material had been published elsewhere, and paid for, I am calling your attention to these facts.

The circumstances seem all the more interesting in view of subsequent developments. In the New York *Evening Post* as well as in your own publication it was stated, with reference to the infant son of Adah Isaacs Menken—"This unverified and unverifiable legend comes down to Mr. Oursler from the incandescent pen of Ed James, one of Adah Menken's earliest biographers, etc., etc."

In reply to this, I submitted to the editor of the New York *Evening Post* a photograph of Menken taken with her baby, one of three such portraits in my possession. I further drew his attention to the fact that I had not obtained my information from the biography of Mr. James, although I did obtain some material from a living member of the James family. The picture of Adah and her baby was published in the New York *Evening Post* on September 28, yet Mr. Benson has contributed to you his already printed and paid for review, repeating the same statement.

I forbear to call attention to numerous other points in the review because I am entirely satisfied that the true nature of this piece of writing is disclosed by itself. I merely feel that you are entitled to know what I am sure you did not know when you accepted this contribution—that it had already been printed and paid for by another publication.

I am enclosing for your information the review which you published, the review which the New York *Evening Post* published, and the picture of Adah Menken which the New York *Evening Post* published.

FULTON OURSLER.

It is probably unnecessary to state that the Editors of The Saturday Review *were quite unaware that the review of Mr. Oursler's book had appeared elsewhere.—The Editor.*

"Mrs. Eddy" and Lord & Taylor

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

I have just read with great interest your editorial on "Mrs. Eddy" by Edwin Franden Dakin and, while I think all the facts were literally true as of the time the editorial was written, there is one condition which has been changed in the meantime which it is only fair to bring to your attention.

While "Mrs. Eddy" was "under the counter" at Lord & Taylor's for a certain length of time and while copies could only be secured by special order, it should be known that in their book shop "Mrs. Eddy" is again on the counters and has been for several days and as far as we know it will continue to be sold as long as there is a demand.

In view of this action by Lord & Taylor it is in fairness to them that I send you this information.

WHITNEY DARROW
Charles Scribner's Sons. Sales Manager.

Mrs. Eddy

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

A charter subscriber, and one who reads with much enjoyment the *Saturday Review*, I was sorry to read your editorial entitled "Mary Baker Eddy."

As a member of the Christian Science Church I appreciate your acknowledgement of Mrs. Eddy's place in history, as a great leader, but I regret your evident misunderstanding of the situation.

The book in question, to speak very mildly, totally misrepresents Christian Science and its leader. Christian Scientists in withdrawing their patronage from publishers and booksellers who offer for sale disguised attacks on their religion and teacher, are simply taking the quiet, dignified step of ceasing to support in any way those who are striving to hurt them, and are doing no more than the man who, on finding his clothes returned damaged from the laundry, changes to another laundry.

Such a step is not extra-legal but normal and natural. Such a step is not boycott, but a sane and sensible protective measure directed against no one.

No disinterested, unpartial person would deny to Christian Scientists, the right to defend and protect their religion, and its discoverer and founder, from public misrepresentation.

I want to thank you for the many good things which are always to be found in the *Saturday Review*, and which are deeply appreciated.

JOHN C. W. BIRD.

[*The question is not of the undoubted right of any individual to refrain from patronizing a given shop for a given reason, but whether the bookshops involved in this discussion were intimidated from selling Dakin's book to the general public.—The Editor.*]

The Brooklyn Fire

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

I am sending you another version of The Brooklyn Fire, almost twice as many lines and a more coherent story. I thought perhaps you or Anne Ellis might like to see this, that is, if you haven't already been snowed under with other versions.

My copy comes from Ernest Beard of Downing, Wisconsin. I recalled hearing him sing it when we were small boys back in Ohio, some forty years ago. The poem follows:

THE BROOKLYN FIRE

The evening's bright stars they were shining,
The moonbeams shone bright o'er the land,
Our city lay quietly sleeping,
The hour of midnight was at hand.
But hark, do you hear the cry fi-er?
How dismal the bells they do sound!
Our old Brooklyn Theater's on fi-er;
Alas, burning fast to the ground.

Chorus:
I ne'er shall forget The Two Orphans,
Bad luck seemed to be in their wake.
It seemed they were sent to our city
The lives of our dear ones to take.

The doors they were opened at seven;
The curtains were rolled up at eight.
Inside they were seated and happy;
Outside they were mad they were late.
The play it went off very smoothly
Till sparks from the scenery did fly;
'Twas then that men, women, and children,
"Oh God, save our lives;" they did cry.

Next morning amid the black ruins,
Oh God! what a sight met our eyes;
The dead they were lying in all shapes,
And some there could none recognize.
Dear mothers were crying and weeping
For sons who'd been out all the night.
Oh God! may their souls rest in heaven
Among the pure, innocent, and bright!

What means this large gathering of people
Upon such a cold dreary day?
What means this long line of black hearses
All plumed in their feathery array?
They are bound for the cemet'ry at Greenwood,
Where the winds through the tall willows sigh.
'Tis there where the funeral is going,
Their poor unknown dead there to lie.

A. L. PHILIPPS.

Religion

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

The following definition of "Religion" recently won a five dollar prize from a prominent American magazine in which it was printed. It is an excellent example of that kind of "tall" writing that conceals false or commonplace ideas under a show of learning or erudition.

Religion is a sort of egocentric conceit, in the interest of which man postulates a "supernatural" world, populated by the risen dead, over which reigns a vain-glorious sovereign whose alleged solicitude toward mundane economy is made the basis of the assumption that man occupies the supremely important place in the universe—a pretty theory in proof of which biological research has not been reassuring.

Much writing like this is published on the theory that writers who can marshall and march their words in such "sesquipedalian" array must have something to say. But most of this writing is "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." It is like a vast toy balloon that needs but a pin prick to cause it to collapse into a thimbleful of rubber. The great writers of the world used simple language, because great thoughts are best expressed in simple language. "Beauty unadorned is adorned the most."

CHARLES HOOPER.
Coeur d'Alene, Idaho.

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Sea Power

(*Continued from page 637*)

A great many people in both countries really do believe that the problem we have been discussing is insoluble. On both sides, traditional policies and prejudices are very deeply rooted. We here are very thoroughly aware that we are talking about an issue that is, for us, literally a matter of life and death. The Premier said on October 11th:

> In our case, the navy is the very life of our nation. . . . For good or ill, the lines of our Empire have been thrown all over the face of the earth: we have to import our food: a month's blockade effectively carried out would starve us all . . . in the event of any conflict Britain's navy is Britain itself. We are a people of the sea: and the sea is our security and our safety.

If Mr. Ramsay MacDonald can so speak, you may easily imagine the misgivings with which thousands and thousands of his more conservative fellow countrymen have watched the challenge of your growing naval power,—the bitter regrets with which the proudest traditions of an old and very proud race are seen to be passing into history: . . "All our pomps of yesterday are one with Nineveh and Tyre." For it is true that our old sea-policy has been our very life, whereas yours has been only a very important side-issue. You could live, even though with a diminished purse and in an offended pride, if we had continued for ever to impose our tradition of "belligerent rights" in war upon you as neutrals. But we could not have lived. If, under the old conditions, your views had prevailed over ours, we should have become like a derelict on the waves. You have your own traditions; under what pressure of external facts would you feel pleasure in renouncing the Monroe Doctrine, or remodelling your Constitution? It goes as hard, or harder, with us to part with our once unchallenged supremacy at sea.

All the same, you, no less than we, are being forced to part company with cherished traditions. For we are both bits of the great interdependent unit into which speed and ease of transit have fused the world. The same forces that have destroyed the old sea-rules and that have made modern war so intolerable, are destroying your isolation. We also used, until the end of the nineteenth century, to rejoice in our "splendid isolation," but, strangely enough, the two parts of the English-speaking world, now stand at the head of opposite policies in this matter.

We, sprawling all over the map of the world, touch nearly every other nation somewhere or other; we have learned by experience that without coöperation, there is no peace; so the very multitude of our contacts has now put us, if half-reluctantly, in the lead. You, on the other hand, are chief among those nations who still try to live aloof, self-contained, self-supporting, free from responsibility for the affairs of the rest. You have wished to remain one of those "closed circuits,"—even though you are a gigantic lake rather than a pool.

Well, if we all told the truth, probably none of us enjoys all the results of the overflowing and mingling of those pools. We have been contented with our familiar, cosy corners, and we have resented and tried to stop the changes that are directly caused by the success of our own inventions for getting about more quickly. But the dams we have erected are not watertight; industry and capital, the search for raw materials and new markets, percolate through the tariff walls, or leap over them. So your very wealth is destroying your isolation, and, more and more, you come into contact of many kinds with the rest of the world.

So many things are in rapid transition. "Unthinkable" things are happening. We British are getting ready to put the power of the sea "in commission," as we might call it: I do not know what your term is. Not an autocracy, but a partnership, must in future run the business. Between us, we own the chief instrument by which world peace can be assured: and the more other states that join us the better. We are watching your actions, not quite without anxiety, but with a great hope.

For, if you choose to do it, you can make *this* difficult transition very hard for us, rubbing salt in the raw places: or you can make it easy. How far can you come out from your political shell of isolation, and help draw up some code by which we shall know just how you intend to use sea power for keeping the peace? Today, we do not know: and there are those among us who doubt. Is it "unthinkable" that you should tell us?

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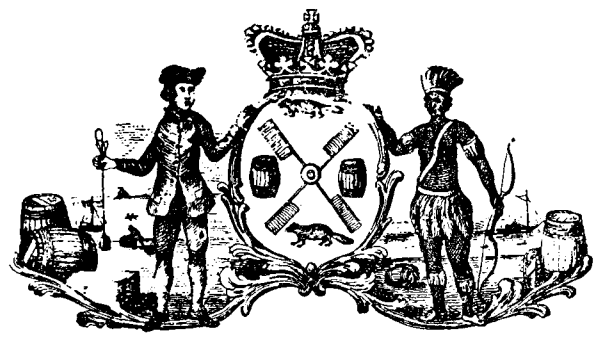

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The Limited Editions Club

THE LIMITED EDITIONS CLUB, under the guidance of Mr. George Macy, has now issued three volumes, one each month since October. The first of these volumes, "Gulliver's Travels," has already been noticed in this column, and the ones before me now are "Leaves of Grass" and "Baron Munchausen." As is probably known to most of the readers of this column, the plan of the Limited Editions Club is to issue one volume a month at a flat annual subscription rate of $10 per volume. The printing of the books has been intrusted to the leading American printers, while the illustrating has been apportioned to the foremost draftsmen. It is planned to include, next year, books printed by foreign printers, also.

LEAVES OF GRASS. By *Walt Whitman.* With an Introduction by Carolyn Wells. Designed by Frederic Warde, printed by W. E. Rudge. 1929.

At first look, Warde's edition of Whitman's poems makes one gasp—somehow or other everyone expects Whitman to be set Roycroftie. In our lack of understanding of such matters as taste and fitness, we assume that only a bold, crude type will fit Whitman. And here are the immortal lines set in thin, lithe type, looking too sophisticated altogether.

But after all there is no reason why Whitman should have to be set in noisy type. First, there is the printer to consider: he could not—I suspect—happily use a bluff type, and therefore he did what every printer has done from the first, used a type he liked or which was available.

This edition of "Leaves of Grass" is a large octavo, bound in decorated green cloth, gold stamped. The text follows the first edition of 1885, which included Whitman's preface. There is an introduction by Carolyn Wells, and two illustrations, one of Whitman (from the Pearsall portrait made in 1876) and one of the half-title to the 1855 edition: one look at the latter will convince one that no attempt was made in *that* volume to wed type and verse.

The volume is a good library edition, and a very creditable addition to the Club's issues.

THE TRAVELS OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN. With an introduction by Carl Van Doren, and engravings by John Held, Jr. Designed by W. A. Kittredge, printed by Lakeside Press. 1929.

To those of us who were early initiated into the life story of the great Baron Munchausen, this new edition will be thrice welcome—once for the text of the Baron's experiences, once for Carl Van Doren's introduction, and finally for John Held's pictures. The text needs no word from me. if you don't know the Baron you have still to taste of the joy of life. And from the introduction let me quote: "The winds of lying blow where they choose. And, like the winds of poetry, they have their favorites. Often as they have stirred this or that ordinary liar to a single triumph, they have blown their richest gifts upon a few masters, from Odysseus, king of Ithaca, back from Troy, to Aloysius Horn, Lancastrian trader, back from Africa. . . . He (the Baron) has lost himself in the great cause of exact untruth. Munchausen is the Euclid of liars."

But the glory of this edition of Baron Munchausen is in the pictures—"elegant engravings" by that master wood-gouger, John Held, Jr. Never have I seen Mr. Held's pictures in such appropriate company before. If ever the delightful Baron had a perfect illustrator, it is John Held. Not only have his pictures the requisite Germanic flavor of an earlier day, but in the faithful worship of untruth in line and perspective and mass they are a triumph. Their inclusion in this volume makes it a book worth having, and a rare example of good illustration. R.

T. Cossart's Poems

LAST year's Christmas presents from Santa Claus included an erudite though small volume on Father Burke's Academy in Boston, sent out by Hal Marchbanks, and credited on the title-page to Theophilus Cossart. This year's bag of treasures contains nothing more alluring than Dr. Cossart's "Golden Garland of Verse and Family Keepsake, together with Greeting Cards for All Occasions" and so on to the limits of a pseudo-eighteenth century title. The verses, especially the greeting cards, are not exactly adapted to Sunday School room use, in spite of the assertion on the title-page that the "Committee on Publication of the American Sunday School Union" is responsible for them.

But what gives joy to the reviewer is the introduction by Montague Glass. Here is a fine bit of sarcasm at the expense of the traditional and laborious thesis of the candidate for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. The candidate for such honors is not to be blamed for his task, but his superiors should be encouraged to read this introduction. After many years spent in printing quite unnecessary and almost always stupidly dull theses, at an expense to the candidate which he cannot afford, and to the immense discomfort of publishers and librarians (the public, God bless 'em, doesn't buy the books after they are printed), I wish the whole printed thesis idea could be laughed out of college.

In the midst of all the "beautifully printed and ornamented books" which the Preface speaks of, this modest (typographically speaking) little book is welcome. It has, like all good printing, something more than typography to commend it. R.

Earthwork Out of Pennsylvania

IF I thought the compleat collector were interested solely in typography, I should pity him—and discontinue my labors on this page. But, by the liberties I have taken with what I assume to be his interest in coins and stamps and books of all sorts, I believe that the complete collector has a pretty good time amassing a variety of books on a good many subjects, and that occasionally the *contents* of a book fascinates him. If the complete collector who reads this wants to possess a well printed volume which deals readably with a part of America little exploited, and if at the same time he is a collector of old china and pottery and such like, let him get a copy of "The Red Hills, a record of good days Outdoors and In, with things Pennsylvania Dutch," by Cornelius Weygandt, Professor of English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania, member of the Delaware Valley Ornithological Club, collector of Pennsylvania Dutch handicraft, and lover of the Red Hills. The book is published by the University of Pennsylvania Press.

This is a collector's item in more than the usual sense. Professor Weygandt has

The Wit's Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 76. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best short rhymed poem called "First Flight." (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of January 13.)

Competition No. 77. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best "character" sonnet in the manner of Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of January 27.)

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written lovingly of his Red Hills, as fitly becomes a native of any delectable part of the earth. He has collected its glass and its dishes, he has imbibed the beauty and the sweetness of life in isolated places, and he has written of it all as a book to read. The one thing lacking in the book is a map—but perhaps he has reasons for omitting such very direct invitation to the multitude to besmirch his Eden: if he has had that reticence for that reason so much more do I respect him. The pictures (happily reproduced in offset) are all pertinent and charming. Altogether a good book to own, and to place on a select shelf of books to be read. R.

A Definitive "South Wind"

THE readers of "In the Beginning," who lamented Norman Douglas's deliberate lapse into the dreadful Cabellian manner, may cheer themselves with this illustrated edition of "South Wind," just issued by The Argus Books, Chicago. The printing of the text has been done in good and readable type, in two volumes quite satisfactory save for the binding, which is rather trivial. There are fifteen full page pictures (some of them in color) and numerous line drawings, by John Austin, to which high commendation must be given. The gorgeous episodes of "South Wind" have been treated in a superb manner, the quality of the story emphasized and preserved, without, in spite of the slightly grotesque technique, any attempt at lewdness or obscurity. It seems to me that the illustrations do really illustrate, and that they will give added pleasure to those who like the book. The rather difficult obligations resting on the modern illustrator—to illuminate his text in a modern spirit without grotesqueness or obscurity—has been successfully met. Such a picture as that of The Bishop and the Two Moons, for instance, is good ilustration, and the title pages are quite fine. R.

AUCTION SALES CALENDAR

American Art Association-Anderson Galleries. January 15—Important Autographs from the estate of Dr. Joshua I. Cohen, of Baltimore, Maryland. These include letters and documents by signers of the Declaration of Independence, members of the Continental Congress, and early American statesmen. The set of signers lacks only the Gwinnett and Lynch autographs, but contains many duplicates of the others. The letters and documents range in date from about 1765 to 1840, and include a large collection of the papers of Thomas Jefferson—his own copies of sixty-six ordinances and bills prepared by the Committee of the Convention of Virginia for the revision of the state laws, with an index in his autograph—more than three hundred pieces in the handwriting of Charles Carroll of Carrollton—letters, copy books, and a diary—a letter from John Adams, giving the ancestry of John Hancock and expressing his opinion of Hancock's character; a summons served on George Washington; and a letter from Franklin to Joseph Greenleaf, noting the exact time at which Franklin had assumed control of the Post Office Department. The most notable feature of the sale is Dr. Cohen's exhaustive and nearly complete collection of Colonial and Continental currency, accompanied by a bound volume of manuscript in the handwriting of the collector, giving a historical record of the several issues and enactments of Congress in regard to them. Not only the paper money issued by the early Colonies, but also that issued by the thirteen original states is present. The Continental series issued by Congress is complete, and includes specimens of each denomination and of each date of every issue, showing the obverse and reverse of every bill. Many specimens of counterfeit and altered notes are also present.

American Art Association-Anderson Garleries. January 16—Part I of the Library of Sir David Lionel Goldsmid-Stern-Salomons, Bart., known as the Broomhill Library. This includes one of the most complete collections of rare colored plate books in England, and possesses several rare works by Henry Alken, A. H. Forrester ("Alfred Crowquill"), Thomas Rowlandson, and George Cruikshank. There are also a large number of first editions of Charles Dickens; a collection of ornithological works by John Gould; and the well-known sporting books by Pierce Egan, Apperley, Surtees, Westmacott, and others. Practically every volume has been rebound by Rivière, Tout, Zaehnsdorf, or some other equally well-known binder. G. M. T.

A new volume of letters by August Strindberg is about to be published in the German version.

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Again *The Inner Sanctum* is consoled by the realization that, if catalogues come, can Spring be far behind?

To boast [or complain] of being a regular reader of this column [*there was a case like that in Ann Arbor last month, and we have the documents to verify it*] is an idle remark. To prove it is Something Else Again, and it can be done only by writing to the Catalogue Section of *The Inner Sanctum*, 37 West 57th Street, New York, and asking for a free first edition copy of the Spring 1930 catalogue.

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THIRTY OR UNDER

Next week, in the issue of January 18th, THE SATURDAY REVIEW will publish the prize-winning essay in the recent competition conducted for writers thirty years of age or younger.

Out of the mass of close to a hundred essays submitted in the contest several will eventually be published in the *Review*. In connection with the remainder it is interesting to note that in greater or lesser degree they also make evident the fact that the "younger generation" of Americans have swung away from the defeatist and pessimist attitude of their predecessors of the immediately post-war period. They are no longer convinced that life holds neither harmony nor direction but are intent on the search for both.

The Saturday Review of Literature
25 West 45th Street
New York City

AGAIN we thank The Modern Library for the thoughtful desk calendar that comes to us just as we were tearing the last page from that of last year. These calendar pads are always extraordinarily helpful to us, and we use them religiously. . . .

At Farrar & Rinehart's recent tea for *Katharine Brush* we encountered her very pleasant new husband, *Mr. Winans*. We also encountered the lady herself (naturally), and she informed us that she was pleased that we had said she was a good dancer. So we were pleased that she was pleased that we had said. . . . And here we are giving her more publicity! . . .

Nice girl though. . . .

In the December *All's Well, Charles J. Finger* is kind enough to say he met us and our sisters when he was last in New York. We have only one sister, however, though we have two daughters. All are thoroughly satisfactory. Finger also is kind enough to say that we first introduced him to a New York audience in print. We hope we can claim that honor. . . .

Lincoln MacVeagh lately gave a tea for *Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Burnett* at the office of the Dial Press. Mr. Burnett wrote "Little Cæsar" and "Iron Man"—not at the tea. . . .

Genevieve Taggard was in town recently, and she is certainly one of the prettiest lady poets we have ever seen. She is now teaching at Mount Holyoke. . . .

We wish to thank *W. H. Seward*, Director of Doubleday, Doran's Department of Limited Editions, for the copy of *Aldous Huxley's "Leda"* which he lately sent us. This new edition was designed and printed at the Marchbanks Press, New York, and has three engravings by *Eric Gill*. The edition is limited to 361 copies, each signed by the author and published at $7.50. It is a beautiful book. . . .

Longmans, Green report that a recently published book of theirs, *Vernon Johnson's* "One Lord—One Faith," has been selling a thousand copies a day in England. During the years of his Anglican ministry Vernon Johnson was widely known as *Father Vernon*. He gives in his book a simple account of the events and reasons which led to his Catholic conversion. . . .

A new periodical coming out in Philadelphia is *Experimental Cinema*: A Monthly Projecting Important International Film Manifestations. The editors are *David Platt* and *Lewis Jacobs*. The magazine appeals for support to all those who feel that the cinema is more than a vehicle for momentary entertainment or day dreaming. . . .

Dr. Arthur Livingston, who has edited Lippincott's edition of the "Memoirs of Lorenzo da Ponte," says that there have been *Lorenzo da Pontes* in this country, beginning with the Mozart librettist. His son, *Lorenzo da Ponte 2nd*, was professor of Italian at Columbia University; the eldest grandson, *Lorenzo da Ponte 3rd*, died in infancy, but the line was carried on by the second grandson, *Durant da Ponte*. His son, *Lorenzo da Ponte 4th*, was the bad boy of New Orleans society in the 80's and 90's; and finally there is *Lorenzo da Ponte 5th*, who is an attorney living in Seattle, Washington. . . .

Frank J. Wilstach's new book of "The Best Similes of 1929" has now appeared. This is his ninth annual crop. Our own *Henry Seidel Canby* is credited with "Tasteless as a mail-order cake," but with "Ferocious as the non-combatant," *W. O. McGeehan* comes close to being the most profound of the sample simile-slingers whose efforts we have conned. . . .

We have been hearing a good deal about how good *St. John Ervine's* new play, "The First Mrs. Fraser," is. Macmillan brings out the book of the play. But what we went to see the other night, taking our children, was "Sweet Adeline," a performance we enjoyed from beginning to end. . . .

Also, having never seen *Ruth Draper* before, we were taken lately to witness her marvelous renditions. That is what we call acting! We have immediately become one of her most dotty admirers. And, in one impersonation, what a paragon of a Secretary she turned out to be! . . .

Doubleday, Doran are bringing out the "Old Dominion Edition of the Works of *Ellen Glasgow*," which includes "The Battleground," a civil war novel, "Deliverance," "Virginia," and "They Stooped to Folly." Elmer Adler has planned the typography for this edition, and Miss Glasgow has written a preface to each volume. . . .

In March the Viking Press will have a new novel by *Elizabeth Madox Roberts*, always a literary event. It is called "The Great Meadow" and marks a return to the earlier style of her "The Time of Man," for which our loud cheers, as we continue to think "The Time of Man" one of the greatest novels of our time. . . .

The Symposium, A Critical Review, is issued at 100 Washington Square East, with *James Burnham* and *Philip E. Wheelwright* as editors. They are attempting to provide a medium for what they regard as most valid in contemporary criticism. The January 1930 number is Volume 1, Number 1, and leads off with a paper on "Qualitative Thought," by *John Dewey*. The next two numbers of this quarterly, April and July, will boast articles by *Julien Benda*, *T. S. Eliot*, *Herbert Read*, and *I. A. Richards*. . . .

Get the autobiography of *Robert Graves*, "Good Bye to All That," which Cape & Smith have just published over here. It will be something new to you in the way of autobiographies. Graves is yet a young man, and most of the book deals with his war adventures. In England, owing to the frankness of his observations, 20,000 copies of the book were sold during the first two weeks of publication. . . .

Louis Untermeyer has recently been to Taormina and urges us to teeth-gnashing by sending us a flowery postcard photograph of same, of (to be exact) the garden of the Duca di Bronte. . . .

Storer B. Lunt has become Sales Manager of W. W. Norton & Company, *Guy Holt* has left the John Day Company, and there have recently been several other changes in the personnel of various publishers. . . .

Coward-McCann, on their Spring list, have books by *Knut Hamsun*, *Osbert Sitwell*, *D. B. Wyndham Lewis*, and *Fleta Campbell Springer*, among others. . . .

The jury of the American Institute of Graphic Arts choose "Monsieur Venus," by *Rachilde*, translated by *Ernest Boyd* and published by Covici-Friede, as one of the fifty best printed and manufactured books of the year. . . .

The same firm some time ago received a letter from an East Indian gentleman who asked for free copies of all the books on their list. They did not reply and, more recently, heard from him again to this effect:

Trivandram Post

Loving Bro.

Glad to write again in spite of the unrespected delay of yours in Sending me reply to my letter of the 10th Aug. Please mail to my address registered each a copy of the books for favoring reviews as well as to Canvas gigantic orders from all parts of India.

Assuring you of my hearty co-operation and thanking you in anticipation.

Yours faithfully,
P. Keshavanandaja.

(MORE)

Two firms, Cape & Smith and Harpers, send us publicity on *Helen Grace Carlisle*, inasmuch as each firm has now published a book of hers. Miss Carlisle is now in Hollywood to fill a contract with Universal Film Company. She believes that even bad children are better than no children and possesses two of her own. . . .

Louis Bromfield is another author soon to go to Hollywood. He will be under contract to write "talkies" for *Sam Goldwyn*. His wife and two daughters are going with him, and he plans to remain in Hollywood throughout the Spring. His new novel, "Twenty-four Hours," will be published next September. . . .

It is reported that *R. C. Sherriff*, the author of the now famous war play, "Journey's End," is to be honored by *King George* in the New Year with a knighthood. Sherriff and *Vernon Bartlett* are turning his play into a novel which the Frederick A. Stokes Company will publish in March. . . .

Sweet dreams!

THE PHOENICIAN.

The AMEN CORNER

There are those who still regard New Year's Day as something more than a Bacchanalia, who see to it that the starboard face of Janus shall each year be more comely than the port (no pun intended). To those who have sighed in 1929 for their inability to purchase the *New English Dictionary*[1] and whose sighing has determined them the more to improve their speech, it is not too late for us to recommend the newly revised and greatly enlarged edition of the *Concise Oxford Dictionary*[2]. As with A. Edward Newton, so it is with us, "the *Concise* is ever at hand." In "This Book-Collecting Game," he says, "I wish to dip my flag to the latest descendant of Dr. Johnson's genius, the *Concise Oxford Dictionary*. It is a masterpiece of reference and condensation. Every foreign word that has worked its way into our language is given in it, and one small joke, for which I love it. I can imagine several learned old gentlemen, sitting and sipping their port after dinner at the 'high table' in some Oxford college, debating whether the joke might be permitted: wisely they agreed that it might. Turn to the word 'wing': it is defined, 'One of the limbs or organs by which the flight of a bird, bat, insect, *angel*, etc. is effected.' How do we know that angels fly? Who ever saw one? But this is no place for skepticism: the authority of the greatest of universities is not to be challenged by an insect."

The new edition of the *C. O. D.* is the only condensation of the complete twenty volume N.E.D., which defines some 414,825 words.

New discoveries, new religions, a new psychology and new movements in the world have brought new words that demand definitions for their general usage. So the *C.O.D.* has been brought up to 1929 and has its *aëroplane* and *appendicitis*, its *autosuggestion* and its *apache*.

But whereas the new *C. O. D.* gives us a greater number of words to use, the fine art of their manipulation in speech is the burden of H. W. Fowler's *Dictionary of Modern English Usage*[3]. All dictionaries are interesting, but this one is brilliant and humorous. And the current debates over the good and bad influence of the "Talkie" and Radio on English speech point to the nation-wide need of *Modern English Usage* and the *C. O. D.* The New Yorker magazine has been characteristically quick to discover the fund of humor in *Modern English Usage* and has at different times brought out a full page of "Our Own Modern English Usage," combining some of Fowler's delightful instruction with their own rollicking examples.

Unlike G. B. Shaw, we have always indulged in the quaint habit of marking our margins and underlining words and phrases that especially appealed to our moods. In full sail we have slipped apropos clippings into the pages of our more favorite volumes. The following quotation from William J. Locke has been pasted on the front endpaper of our *Concise Oxford Dictionary*, since the early years of our zeal, as a barb to our procrastinating skin. "We have the richest language that ever a people has accreted, and we use it as if it were the poorest. We hoard up our infinite wealth of words between the boards of dictionaries and in speech dole out the worn bronze coinage of our own vocabulary. We are misers of philological history. And when we can save our pennies and pass the counterfeit coin of slang, we are as happy as if we heard a blind beggar thank us for putting a pewter sixpence into his hat." Do these implications send you cowering to the dictionary for bigger and better vocabularies? If it is Fowler's you will, like ourself, forget your shame in your delight in correcting your manner of speech.

—THE OXONIAN.

(1) 20 half vols., ¼ Persian, $500.00; 10 full vols., ½ Morocco, $550.00; 20 half vols., ½ Morocco, $575.00. (2) $3.50. (3) $3.25.

The Desk Set, combining the new, enlarged C. O. D. and Modern English Usage, is practical and very attractive in its blue cloth slip box. It is made to stand upright on the desk. It costs $10.00.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

M. C. P., Rye, N. Y., looks for books about the architectural and sculptural high spots along the old pilgrim's road through Southern France to Santiago de Compostela He is especially interested in the monasteries on the road and in the rise and growth of Santiago as a center of pilgrimage.

IF you are going the water way, by taking a steamship from Liverpool and walking a good part of the way eastward from the coast, you will find the journey carefully planned, town by town, in "The Story of Santiago," by C. G. Hartley (Mrs. Galichan), one of the series of "Mediæval Towns" published by Dutton. This is so far as I know the only book in print in this country that gives a detailed history of Santiago de Compostela from the earliest times; K. J. Conant's "Early Architectural History of the Cathedral of Santiago de Compostela" (Harvard University Press) is another important work for your purpose. The book for the pilgrim approaching by the old road of Charlemagne, the one traced in the sky by the Milky Way and trodden on earth by countless pilgrims—the ones that made the scallop-shell the token of pilgrimage—is "The Way of St. James," by Georgiana Goddard King, which was published by Putnam some years since for the Hispanic Society. This is now out of print; it is in three small volumes and covers not only the city but the four ways to it that come into one at Puenta la Reyna in Spain; it describes monasteries and, though interested especially in art, neglects neither architecture nor history. The more important documents concerned are added to the work, which is both a record and a travel guide. The magnificent volume on "Spanish Romanesque Art," published by the Pegasus Press (Harcourt, Brace), is full of large photographs of the highest importance to such study; one that comes to my mind at the moment is of the sculpture of "Christ as Pilgrim" in Silos; the Pegasus Press art books are so beautiful that I cannot properly describe them, but the reproductions in this volume seem to me particularly successful. Aubrey Bell's "The Magic of Spain" (Lane) and his "Spanish Galicia" have quite a little about Santiago, and so has Hartley's "Spain Revisited," but these are out of print; considering the importance of Galicia as a pilgrim country for so many centuries it seems curious that so little could be said about it in present-day books of travel; apparently tourists do not follow the footsteps of the faithful. Santiago is mentioned in Alice Newbegin's "Wayfarer in Spain" (Houghton Mifflin), and Burgos and Leon appear in J. B. Trend's "Spain from the South," in Trowbridge Hall's "Spain in Silhouette" (Macmillan), and in Harry Franck's "Four Months Afoot in Spain" (Century). "Forgotten Shrines of Spain," by Mildred Stapley Byne (Lippincott), has Santo Domigo de Silos among its group of cloisters for which directions are given as to how to go there and where to stay.

Henry Dwight Sedgwick's popular "Short History of Spain" (Little, Brown) devotes the better part of a chapter to Saint James as one of "The Heroes," and gives a good description of the route traced by the path of stars through Gascony, Navarre, across the Pyrenees to Galicia, with a photograph and description of the cathedral. There is a new book of reference on Spain for readers and travellers that is also a companion for Spanish studies: "Spain," edited by E. Allison Peers (Dodd, Mead), whose chapters on history, art, music, etc., are by various authorities; here the story of the Way of St. James appears and from the book in general the student will gain much important information along many lines. This is an excellent work for a library collection; it is a little library in itself.

THE Public Library of Newark, N. J., tells me that a new edition of the leaflet, "Notes of Modern Design," has been printed; so many requests for it were received as a result of its mention in the Guide that the first edition was soon exhausted. There is another book-list that I have found uncommonly interesting; knowing the effect of saying so in this column, I waited until I had learned that there were two hundred copies on hand. This is the "Book List" compiled for the Friends' Free Library of Germantown, Pa., from honest replies sent by a large number of families when asked what books their children like and were apparently the better for having read. It is intended to supplement the lists of new books everywhere appearing, ranges from six to sixteen, and includes only such as libraries would class as juveniles. I found it genuinely interesting. Send a stamp to Central Bureau, Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, 15th and Race Sts., Philadelphia. The same Committee on Education of the Yearly Meeting of Friends, Mrs. G. S. Broomell, chairman, compiled "The Children's Story Garden" (Lippincott), which has run through several editions and continues to sell, in spite of its announcement that it was written to teach ethics and religious truth to children, and the classification of the stories under definitely religious headings. The compilers believe that this shows that there is a real need for a book of stories illustrating spiritual truths, and also that "Friends' Principles" are not confined to the Society of Friends.

W. S. M., Couching Lion Farm, Waterbury, Vermont, asks who publishes the Life of John Hay, if a life of Clarence King has ever appeared, if there is in English a good life of Hector St. John de Crèvecœur; the title of a work dealing with Margaret Fuller published certainly within the past five years; and one dealing with Victoria Woodhull and her sister Tennie.

"THE Life and Letters of John Hay," by W. R. Thayer, in two volumes, is published by Houghton Mifflin and costs $7.50. So far as I can find, all that remains in print under the name of Clarence King is his "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada" (Scribner), though he was one of the three to whom the authorship of the novel "Democracy" was popularly ascribed, the others being Henry Adams and John Hay, both friends of his. "The Clarence King Memoirs" were published by Putnam for the King Memorial Committee of the Century Association in 1904, and a biographical memoir by S. F. Emmons appeared in the publications of the National Academy of Science, Washington, in 1909.

"St. Jean de Crèvecœur," by J. P. Mitchell, is published by Columbia University Press and costs $2.75. It is an excellent biography—in which I learned that his name was not Hector at all, but Michael William—with a study of the conditions of his time. In spite of the "certainly" I venture to think that Katherine Anthony's "Margaret Fuller" (Harcourt, Brace) may be the book you have in mind; if it did come out in 1920 and is now out of print, it has a way of sticking in the mind and seeming more recent than it proves to be. This may be because it was the first successful use in this country of the now familiar psychoanalytical method in biography. At least, it impressed moderns as successful; how it might have affected Julia Ward Howe, or Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who wrote lives of her before 1884, is another story. Gamaliel Bradford included Margaret Fuller in his "Portraits of American Women" (Houghton Mifflin, 1919). The latest book to present her, so far as I know, is in the French language, Régis Michaud's "Autour d'Emerson" (Bossard, 1924), in which she figures as "une romantique d'outremer." I shall soon be set right, however, if a later one has appeared.

There is, however, no question about the Woodhull and Claflin book; this is "The Terrible Siren," by Emanie Sachs (Harper), one of the most readable records of an amazing age. It is a good book with which to confute people who think the 'seventies were staid.

C. Z. LaC., Portsmouth, Va., asks for books on civil engineering for a boy of fourteen, an omniverous reader who wants to get a line on prerequisites for this career.

GEORGE F. SWAIN has written "The Young Man and Civil Engineering" (Macmillan); John Hays Hammond, "The Engineer" (Scribner); Robert L. Sackett, "The Engineer and His Work" (Ginn). All three are intended to help boys decide whether engineering is the vocation for them.

Col. Starrett's "Skyscrapers and the Men Who Build Them" (Scribner) would be likely to interest this boy as a good picture of one class of engineering.

G. B. T., Cambridge, Mass., adds to the advice on Villon given to the inquirer in Paramatta, New South Wales: "The newest translation, which is not yet out, I think, was mentioned in the London *Times Literary Supplement* for October 24, in a note on the activities of the Scholartis Press, which, says the *Times*, 'announces as in press Dr. Geoffrey Atkinson's edition of the complete works of François Villon with revised text, a complete translation, and notes.' Professor Atkinson, I might add, ought to be equipped to produce a magnificent translation; he combines in himself genuine poetic feeling and a remarkable stock of profanity and the otherwise inelegant vocabulary which Villon used. Your correspondent ought also to know that Payne's translation, as reprinted by Liveright when Lepper's came out for the first time, is complete, and that the volume contains also Payne's original introduction to his translation, entire, and all the important translations of single lyrics made by other lights. Ezra Pound, by the way, appears in this book not as translator, but as one inspired by Villon, so to speak. This Liveright book is thus of unique usefulness. Stevenson's essay, where his visible disapproval of Villon's morals struggles with a lurking admiration for the fellow in spite of them, appears in 'Familiar Studies' in any edition; Mosher reprinted it, I suppose, because he was a Villon fan. Wyndham Lewis's book is excellent, and so is Pierre Champion's, but I take it that your Australian doesn't want French books."

To which I may add that Wyndham Lewis's latest book, "King Spider," a life of Louis XI (Coward-McCann), has a chapter on Villon among several given each to a great contemporary of the monarch. Also that the biography of the king to which Wyndham Lewis offers admiring homage in his book, Pierre Champion's "Louis XI," has just been published by Dodd, Mead in an English translation.

F. T. H., Springfield, Mass., asks for the name of a realistic novel with scene laid in Lundenberg, Nova Scotia, written by a professor in some Connecticut college and published within a year or so. He says that the mention of it to a native is like a red flag to a bull. I cannot find it, and call for reports. *W. J. P., Philadelphia*, suggests to *D. M., New Orleans, La.*, who asked for books on immortality and what different peoples thought about how it may be obtained, the publications of Charles Filmore, Unity School of Christianity, 917 Tracy, Kansas City; these are booklets, and magazine articles in *Youth* or in *Unity*.

HERE is a call that, while it goes outside my province, may be within the information of some of the readers of this department. *L. W. B., Berkeley, California*, asks for information regarding a book by Dumas whose Spanish title is "Nueva Troya." He cannot locate it by that or any similar title in any standard cyclopedia or Dumas bibliography. The book, he says, is cited by Eduardo Acevedo (Jose Artigas, Montevideo, 1909) in a direct quotation and is then again referred to in a quotation from Alberdi, the Argentine publicist. It seems to deal extensively with Artigas, founder of the Republic of Uruguay, though from its title it would appear to pertain more to the Siege of Montevideo (1842-1851), known in South American history as "the second siege of Troy." Any information about this book, French or English titles, etc., as well as reference to any other works in fiction in French, Spanish or English, dealing with Artigas, would be greatly appreciated by this subscriber.

Rossetti wrote a poem and called it "The Ballad of Jan Van Hunks." He gave it, manuscript, copyright, and all, to his friend, Theodore Watts-Dunton, the man who protected Swinburne against himself and the world. Watts-Dunton gave it to Mr. Mackenzie Bell, who has written an introduction to the poem, which is now published by Harrap of London in a limited edition.

A first edition of Bernard Shaw's "Cashel Byron's Profession" has been sold for £102; it was originally published at one shilling.

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Once more TIME *is on WINGS*

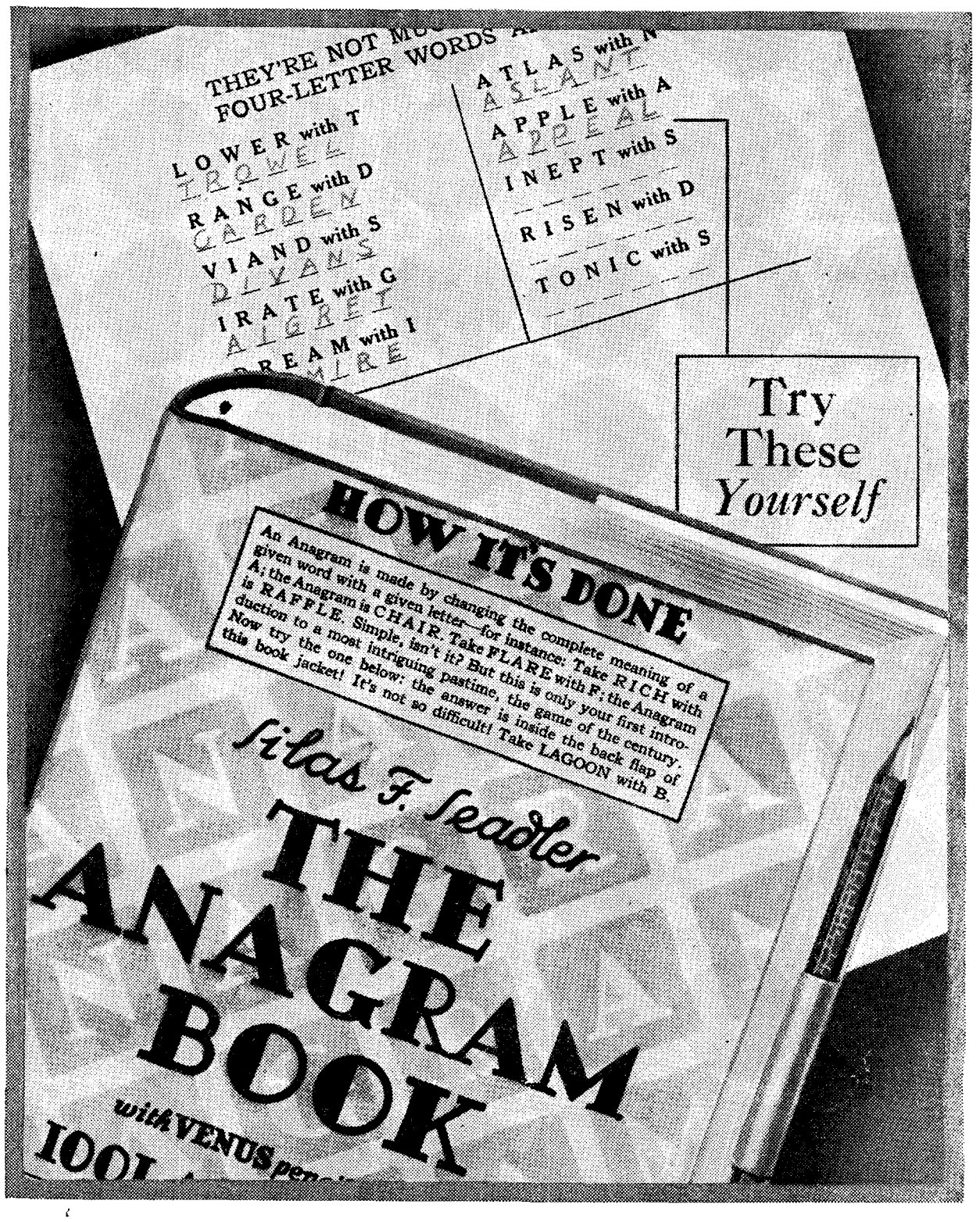
LIGHTNING may not strike twice in the same place, but there is a suspicious and alluring similarity between the launching of the first Cross Word Puzzle Book six years ago and the current phenomena attending the unloosing of the Anagram Frenzy upon an unprotected public.

Make no mistake about it. America is definitely becoming Anagram-minded . . . Once more time is on wings. . . Once more a small wild-eyed coterie of happy addicts has set a larger public on fire with a passion for re-arranging words and letters to form a sacred realm of inviolable enchantment. A new variation of the Eighth Lively Art is unmistakably here, and its spirited symbol is the new *Anagram Book* by Silas F. Seadler, just released by Simon and Schuster.

The same group of illuminati who started the Age of the Emu—may their tribe increase!—has sponsored the extended vogue of the time-honored anagram. Their ringleaders are F. P. A., Alexander Woolcott, Herbert Bayard Swope, Neysa McMein, George Gershwin, Marc Connelly and Dorothy Parker—to mention just a few of the more intrepid manipulators of polysyllables rampant.

The first *Anagram Book*, like the first Cross Word Puzzle Book, is endowed with love interest by the seductive equipment of a Venus pencil—with the traditional eraser prompted by a frank recognition of human fallibility. The celebrated and, we trust, irresistible $1.35 price is carried over from the checquered squares to the leaping diphthongs. A rollicking ballade by Newman Levy ushered in the first hypnotic pages of the original Cross Word Puzzle Book, and his brave stanzas perform an equally gallant service for Mr. Seadler's *Anagram Book*.

THE alert booksellers on Fifth Avenue, Park Avenue, and Michigan Boulevard report an early invasion by ardent fans, reminiscent of the initial clamor for the puzzle books. An Anagram legend is growing by leaps and bounds. The world of letters—aye, literally—is divided into warring camps over the proper credit for heroic feats of the art. The Conning Tower claims the glory for taking "POINT" with a "K" and transforming it into the classical anagram "INKPOT", while Seadler and his cohorts attribute it to Dorothy Parker. There is no peace at the Algonquin, and fury has swept down on Wit's End. The pastime has reared its head in the sacred groves of the


THEY'RE NOT
FOUR-LETTER WORDS
LOWER with T
TROWEL
RANGE with D
GARDEN
VIAND with S
DIVANS
IRATE with G
AIGRET
ATLAS with N
ASLANT
APPLE with A
APPEAL
INEPT with S
RISEN with D
TONIC with S
Try These Yourself
HOW IT'S DONE
An Anagram is made by changing the complete meaning of a given word with a given letter—for instance: Take RICH with A; the Anagram is CHAIR. Take FLARE with F; the Anagram is RAFFLE. Simple, isn't it? But this is only your first introduction to a most intriguing pastime, the game of the century. Now try the one below: the answer is inside the back flap of this book jacket! It's not so difficult! Take LAGOON with B.
Silas F. Seadler
THE ANAGRAM BOOK
with VENUS pen
1001

universities, in the faculty clubs themselves, in the cathedral hush of the libraries, in the whoopee sector of Broadway, in the dressing-rooms of Follies stars, in the Free State of Hoboken, in Hollywood, and in the innermost citadel of the self-same Inner Sanctum whence spring these fevered lines.

"WHAT a habit this delectable pastime gets to be," exclaims the Grand Emir of the Consonants Militant, Silas B. Seadler himself, in the rousing preface to his *Anagram Book*.

"In life's most serious moments your chronic anagrammist is lured by the fascination of a word susceptible to change. All else slips past his consciousness. He hears as in a dream the philosopher who tells him 'We are the gropers after truth and beauty.' But he hears only the inviting word 'gropers' and in his inner anagram consciousness he is saying 'Ah, "gropers" with "s" is "progress"!'

"The essential purpose of this book is to offer to an ever-growing group of Anagram players material, hitherto inaccessible, to nourish their hunger for the irresistible game.

"The popularizing of Anagrams has not been without its more dramatic moments. Among the author's friends are devoted husbands, models of domestic propriety upon whom, alas, the Anagram fever has fastened itself. These gentlemen ordinarily meticulous in their adherence to punctual dining, have recently come to pause at the end of a business day for a few innocent rounds of Anagrams. So tantalizing is the hold of the game, so insidious is its challenge to the mind, that once begun, only a super-man may drag himself from the heated contest. Thus 'the Anagram Widow' has come into being, a poor wench irrevocably tied to an addict. While she is taking toast with tea to stave off starvation, he is taking 'nerve' with 'e' to make 'veneer'."

If, like Voltaire (who made an Anagram out of his family name, Francois Marie Aronet) or Franklin Pierce Adams, or Alexander Woolcott, or Christopher Morley, you are already an anagram addict, you will by this time have taken this advertisement to your beleagured bookseller and demanded your copy of *The Anagram Book*. If you are not yet privy to the Olympian pleasures and delights of this puissant sport of sports, this thirst-quenching consolation for the harassed soul, one page of *The Anagram Book* will do the trick—or mark you forever as beyond redemption.

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